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1800

GOLDSMITH.

SELECTIONS

FROM THE

ENGLISH POETS:

FROM

SPENSER TO BEATTIE.

LONDON:

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&c.

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NATURE ORDERS THE TIMES AND SEASONS TO APPEAR BEFORE HER.

So forth issued the Seasons of the year;
First lusty Spring, all dight[a] in leaves of flowers
That freshly budded, and new blooms did bear,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowers,
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures[b])
A gilt engraven morion[c] he did wear,
That as some did him love, so others did him fear.

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock, colour'd green,
That was unlined all, to be more light,
And on his head a garland well beseen,
He wore, from which, as he had chauffed[d] been,
The sweat did drop, and in his hand he bore
A bow and shafts, as he in forest green
Had hunted late the libbard[e] or the boar,
And now would bathe his limbs with labor heated sore.

Then came the Autumn, all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banish'd Hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore;
Upon his head a wreath, that was enroll'd
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore,
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripen'd fruits the which the earth had yold[f].

a Adorned. *b* fights. *c* helmet. *d* irritated.
e leopard. *f* yielded.

Lastly came Winter, clothed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck[g] did adown distill;
In his right hand a tipped staff he held
With which his feeble steps he stayed still,
For he was faint with cold and weak with eld[h],
That scarce his loosed limbs he able was to weld[i].

These, marching softly, thus in order went,
And after them the Months all riding came;
First sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent,
And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent[k],
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame[l],
Which on the earth he strewed as he went,
And fill'd her womb with fruitful hope of nourishment.

Next came fresh April, full of lustyhed[m],
And wanton as a kid, whose horn new buds;
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through th' Argolic floods;
His horns were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlands goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds
Which th'earth brings forth, and wet he seem'd in sight
With waves, through which he waded for his love's delight.

Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground
Deck'd all with dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around;

g an alembick. *h* old age. *i* to wield. *k* held.
l collected. *m* vigour.

Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride
The Twins of Leda, which on either side
Supported her like to their sovereign queen;
Lord! how all creatures laugh'd when her they spied,
And leap'd and danced as they had ravish'd been!
And Cupid's self about her flutter'd all in green.

And after her came jolly June, array'd
All in green leaves, as he a player were,
Yet in his time he wrought as well as play'd
That by his plough-irons might right well appear;
Upon a Crab he rode, that did him bear
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pace,
And backward yode,[n] as bargemen wont to fare,
Bending their force contrary to their face;
Like that ungracious crew which feigns demurest grace.

Then came hot July, boiling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away;
Upon a Lion, raging yet with ire,
He boldly rode, and made him to obey;
It was the beast that whilome did forray[o]
The Nemæan forest, till th' Amphytrionide
Him slew, and with his hide did him array;
Behind his back a scythe, and by his side,
Under his belt, he bore a sickle circling wide.

The sixth was August, being rich array'd
In garment all of gold down to the ground;
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely maid
Forth by the lily hand, the which was crown'd
With ears of corn, and full her hand was found;
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Lived here on earth, and plenty made abound,

n moved. o to ravage.

But after wrong was loved, and justice sold,
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heaven extold[p].

Next him September marched, eke on foot;
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoil
Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot[q],
And him enrich'd with bounty of the soil;
In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toil,
He held a knife-hook, and in th' other hand
A pair of Weights, with which he did assoyle[r]
Both more and less, where it in doubt did stand,
And equal gave to each, as justice duly scann'd.

Then came October, full of merry glee,
For yet his noule[s] was totty[t] of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fat's see[u],
And of the joyous ale, whose gentle gust
Made him so frolick, and so full of lust;
Upon a dreadful Scorpion he did ride,
The same which, by Diana's doom unjust,
Slew great Orion; and eke by his side
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tied.

Next was November; he full gross and fat,
As fed with lard, and that right well might seem,
For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his brows with sweat did reek and steem,
And yet the season was full sharp and breem[x];
In planting eke he took no small delight:
Whereon he rode, not easy was to deem,
For it a dreadful Centaur was in sight,
The seed of Saturn and fair Nais, Chiron hight[y].

p exalted. *q* profit. *r* to assay. *s* the crown of the head.
t dizzy. *u* seat. *x* fierce. *y* named.

And after him came next the chill December,
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember,
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad;
Upon a shaggy, bearded Goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan[z] Jove in tender years,
They say, was nourish'd by the Iæan maid;
And in his hand a broad deep bowl he bears,
Of which he freely drinks a health to all his peers.

Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds[a], to keep the cold away,
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell[b],
And blow his nails to warm them if he may,
For they were numb'd with holding all the day
A hatchet keen, with which he felled wood,
And from the trees did lop the needless spray[c];
Upon a huge great earth-pot steane[d] he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Roman flood.

And lastly came old February, sitting
In an old waggon, for he could not ride,
Drawn of two Fishes, for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slide
And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plough and harness fit to till the ground,
And tools to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting prime did make them burgeon[e] round;
So pass'd the Twelve Months forth, and their due places found.

z Master. a clothes. b to die. c small branches.
d stone. e to sprout.

And after these there came the Day and Night,
Riding together, both with equal pace;
Th' one on a palfrey black, the other white;
But Night had cover'd her uncomely face
With a black veil, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the Moon and Stars were pight[f],
And sleep and darkness round about did trace;
But Day did bear upon his sceptre's height
The goodly sun, encompass'd all with beames bright.

Then came the Hours, fair daughters of high Jove
And timely Night, the which were all endued
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
But they were virgins all, and love eschew'd[g],
That might forslack[h] the charge to them fore-shew'd
By mighty Love, who did them porters make
Of heaven's gate (whence all the gods issued),
Which they did daily watch and nightly wake
By even turns, ne ever did their charge forsake.

And after all came Life, and lastly Death;
Death with most grim and grisly visage seen,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath,
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to ween[i],
Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseen;
But Life was like a fair young lusty boy,
Such as they feign Dan Cupid to have been,
Full of delightful health and lively joy,
Deck'd all with flowers, and wings of gold fit to employ.

f fixed. *g* to avoid. *h* to delay. *i* to appearance.

T. Macomb. T. Bacon

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood

SHAKSPEARE.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

GENTLE MAID,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That 's to you sworn, to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

All my offences that abroad you see,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not; with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did find;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leisures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd·
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes aptly understood
In bloodless white, and the encrimson'd mood:
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

And lo! behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impeach'd,
I have received from many a several fair,
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,)
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

The diamond; why 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invised properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold; each several stone,
With wit well-blazon'd, smiled or made some moan.

Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensive and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender:
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified of holiest note;

Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote ;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

But O, my sweet, what labour is 't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives ?
Paling the place which did no form receive ;
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves :
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O pardon me, in that my boast is true ;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly :
Religious love put out religion's eye :
Not to be tempted, would she be enmured,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procured.

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell !
The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among :
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who, disciplined and dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes when I the assail begun,
All vows and consecration giving place.
O most potential love ! vow, bond, nor space,

In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example ? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame ?
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,
'gainst shame,
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine ;
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.

JONSON.

A NYMPH'S PASSION.

I LOVE, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who ;
For if the nymphs should know my swain,
I fear they'd love him too ;
Yet if he be not known,
The pleasure is as good as none,
For that 's a narrow joy is but our own.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envy me;
But then if I grow jealous mad
And of them pitied be,
It were a plague 'bove scorn,
And yet it cannot be forborne,
Unless my heart would, as my thoughts, be torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair
And fresh, and fragrant too,
As summer's sky, or purged air,
And looks as lilies do
That are this morning blown;
Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
And fear much more, that more of him be shewn.

And he hath eyes so round and bright
As make away my doubt
Where Love may all his torches light
Though hate had put them out:
But then t' increase my fears,
What nymph soe'er his voice but hears,
Will be my rival, though she have but ears.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me; yet no
One unbecoming thought doth move
From either heart I know;
And so exempt from blame
As it would be to each a fame
If love or fear would let me tell his name.

SONG TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not wither'd be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

LOVE A LITTLE BOY.

FIRST GRACE.

Beauties, have ye seen this toy,
Called Love, a little boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say;
He is Venus' run-away.

SECOND GRACE.

She, that will but now discover
Where the winged wag doth hover,

Shall, to-night, receive a kiss,
How, or where, herself would wish:
But, who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kiss, and another.

THIRD GRACE.

He hath of marks about him plenty:
You shall know him among twenty.
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That being shot, like lightning, in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

FIRST GRACE.

At his sight, the sun hath turn'd,
Neptune in the waters burn'd;
Hell hath felt a greater heat:
Jove himself forsook his seat:
From the centre, to the sky,
Are his trophies reared high.

SECOND GRACE.

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart,
But not stay in any part;
And, if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself, in kisses.

THIRD GRACE.

He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of arrows that out-brave
Dian's shafts; where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

FIRST GRACE.

Still the fairest are his fuel,
When his days are to be cruel,
Lovers' hearts are all his food;
And his baths their warmest blood:
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.

SECOND GRACE.

Trust him not: his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit;
Every gift it is a bait;
Not a kiss, but poison bears;
And most treason in his tears.

THIRD GRACE.

Idle minutes are his reign;
Then, the straggler makes his gain,
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think them joys:
'Tis th' ambition of the elf,
To have all childish as himself.

FIRST GRACE.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but shew him.

SECOND GRACE.

Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, you'll not abide him.

THIRD GRACE.

Since ye hear his falser play;
And that he is Venus' run-away.

COWLEY.

WEEPING.

See where she sits and in what comely wise
Drops tears more fair than others' eyes!
Ah, charming maid! let not Ill-fortune see
Th' attire thy sorrow wears,
Nor know the beauty of thy tears;
For she 'll still come to dress herself in thee.

As stars reflect on waters, so I spy
In every drop, methinks, her eye.
The baby which lives there, and always plays

In that illustrious sphere,
Like a Narcissus does appear,
Whilst in his flood the lovely boy did gaze.
Ne'er yet did I behold so glorious weather,
As this sun-shine and rain together.
Pray heaven her forehead, that pure hill of snow
(For some such fountain we must find,
To waters of so fair a kind)
Melt not, to feed that beauteous stream below!
Ah, mighty love! that it were inward heat
Which made this precious limbeck sweat!
But what, alas! ah, what does it avail,
That she weeps tears so wondrous cold,
As scarce the ass's hoof can hold,
So cold, that I admire they fall not hail.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that summer-hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!

Thou dost innocently joy ;
Nor does thy luxury destroy ;
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire ;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy ! thou
Dost neither age nor winter know ;
But, when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
(Voluptuous and wise withal,
Epicurean animal !)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

FOR HOPE.

Hope ! of all ills that men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure !
Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's health !
Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth !
Thou manna, which from heaven we eat,
To every taste a several meat !
Thou strong retreat ! thou sure-entail'd estate,
Which nought has power to alienate !
Thou pleasant, honest flatterer ! for none
Flatter unhappy men, but thou alone !
Hope ! thou first-fruits of happiness !
Thou gentle dawning of a bright success !
Thou good preparative, without which our joy
Does work too strong, and, whilst it cures, destroy !

Who out of fortune's reach doth stand,
And art a blessing still in hand !
Whilst thee, her earnest money, we retain,
We certain are to gain,
Whether she, her bargain break, or else fulfil:
Thou only good, not worse for ending ill !

Brother of Faith ! 'twixt whom and thee
The joys of heaven and earth divided be !
Though Faith be heir, and have the fix'd estate,
Thy portion yet in moveables is great.
Happiness itself 's all one
In thee, or in possession !
Only the future 's thine, the present his !
Thine 's the more hard and noble bliss :
Best apprehender of our joys ! which hast
So long a reach, and yet canst hold so fast !

Hope ! thou sad lovers' only friend !
Thou way, that may'st dispute it with the end !
For love, I fear, 's a fruit that does delight
The taste itself less than the smell and sight.
Fruition more deceitful is
Than thou canst be, when thou dost miss ;
Men leave thee by obtaining, and straight flee
Some other way again to thee ;
And that 's a pleasant country, without doubt,
To which all soon return that travel out.

THE XXXIVth CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

Awake, and with attention hear,
Thou drowsy world ! for it concerns thee near ;
Awake, I say, and listen well,
To what from God, I, his loud prophet, tell.

Bid both the poles suppress their stormy noise,
And bid the roaring sea contain its voice.
Be still, thou sea; be still, thou air and earth,
Still as old Chaos, before Motion's birth:
A dreadful host of judgments is gone out,
In strength and number more
Than e'er was raised by God before,
To scourge the rebel world, and march it round about.

I see the sword of God brandish'd above,
And from it streams a dismal ray;
I see the scabbard cast away;
How red anon with slaughter will it prove!
How will it sweat and reek in blood!
How will the scarlet glutton be o'ergorged with his food,
And devour all the mighty feast!
Nothing soon but bones will rest.
God does a solemn sacrifice prepare;
But not of oxen, nor of rams,
Not of kids, nor of their dams,
Not of heifers, nor of lambs:
The altar all the land, and all men in 't the victims are.
Since, wicked men's more guilty blood to spare,
The beasts so long have sacrificed been;
Since men their birthright forfeit still by sin;
'Tis fit at last beasts their revenge should have,
And sacrificed men their better brethren save.

So will they fall, so will they flee,
Such will the creatures' wild distraction be,
When, at the final doom,
Nature and time shall both be slain,
Shall struggle with death's pangs in vain,
And the whole world their funeral pile become.

The wide-stretch'd scroll of heaven, which we
Immortal as the Deity think,
With all the beauteous characters that in it
With such deep sense by God's own hand were writ
(Whose eloquence, though we understand not, we
admire)
Shall crackle, and the parts together shrink
Like parchment in a fire:
Th' exhausted sun to the moon no more shall lend:
But truly then headlong into the sea descend:
The glittering host, now in such fair array,
So proud, so well-appointed, and so gay,
Like fearful troops in some strong ambush ta'en,
Shall some fly routed, and some fall slain,
Thick as ripe fruit, or yellow leaves, in autumn fall,
With such a violent storm as blows down tree and all.

And thou, O cursed land! [stand
Which wilt not see the precipice where thou dost
(Though thou stand'st just upon the brink)
Thou of this poison'd bowl, the bitter dregs shalt drink,
Thy rivers and thy lakes shall so
With human blood o'erflow,
That they shall fetch the slaughter'd corpse away,
Which in the fields around unburied lay,
And rob the beasts and birds to give the fish their prey:
The rotting corpse shall so infect the air,
Beget such plagues and putrid venoms there,
That by thine own dead shall be slain
All thy few living that remain.
As one who buys, surveys, a ground,
So the destroying angel measures it around;
So careful and so strict he is,
Lest any nook or corner he should miss:

He walks about the perishing nation,
Ruin behind him stalks and empty Desolation.

Then shall the market and the pleading-place
Be choked with brambles and o'ergrown with grass:
The serpents through thy streets shall roll,
And in thy lower rooms the wolves shall howl,
And thy gilt chambers lodge the raven and the owl,
And all the wing'd ill-omens of the air,
Though no new ills can be foreboded there:
The lion then shall to the leopard say,
'Brother leopard, come away;
Behold a land which God has given us in prey!
Behold a land from whence we see
Mankind expulsed, his and our common enemy!'
The brother leopard shakes himself, and does not stay.

The glutted vultures shall expect in vain
New armies to be slain;
Shall find at last the business done,
Leave their consumed quarters, and be gone:
Th' unburied ghosts shall sadly moan,
The satyrs laugh to hear them groan.
The evil spirits, that delight
To dance and revel in the mask of night,
The moon and stars, their sole spectators, shall affright:
And if, of lost mankind
Aught happen to be left behind;
If any relics but remain;
They in the dens shall lurk, beasts in the palaces shall reign.

ODE.—UPON LIBERTY.

Freedom with Virtue takes her seat;
Her proper place, her only scene,
Is in the golden mean,
She lives not with the poor nor with the great.
The wings of those Necessity has clipp'd,
And they 're in Fortune's bridewell whipp'd
To the laborious task of bread;
These are by various tyrants captive led.
Now wild Ambition with imperious force
Rides, reins, and spurs, them, like th' unruly horse;
And servile Avarice yokes them now,
Like toilsome oxen, to the plough;
And sometimes Lust, like the misguided light,
Draws them through all the labyrinths of night.
If any few among the great there be
From these insulting passions free,
Yet we e'en those, too, fetter'd see
By custom, business, crowds, and formal decency;
And, wheresoe'er they stay, and wheresoe'er they go,
Impertinences round them flow:
These are the small uneasy things
Which about greatness still are found,
And rather it molest than wound:
Like gnats, which too much heat of summer brings;
But cares do swarm there, too, and those have stings:
As, when the honey does too open lie,
A thousand wasps about it fly:
Nor will the master e'en to share admit;
The master stands aloof, and dares not taste of it.

H. Corbould. C. Heath.

Magna Charta.

'Tis morning; well; I fain would yet sleep on;
You cannot now; you must be gone
To court, or to the noisy hall:
Besides, the rooms without are crowded all;
The stream of business does begin,
And a spring-tide of clients is come in.
Ah cruel guards, which this poor prisoner keep!
Will they not suffer him to sleep?
Make an escape; out at the postern flee,
And get some blessed hours of liberty:
With a few friends, and a few dishes, dine,
And much of mirth and moderate wine.
To thy bent mind some relaxation give,
And steal one day out of thy life to live.
Oh happy man (he cries) to whom kind Heaven
Has such a freedom always given!
Why, mighty madman, what should hinder thee
From being every day as free?

In all the freeborn nations of the air,
Never did bird a spirit so mean and sordid bear,
As to exchange his native liberty
Of soaring boldly up into the sky,
His liberty to sing, to perch, or fly
When, and wherever he thought good,
And all his innocent pleasures of the wood,
For a more plentiful or constant food.
Nor ever did ambitious rage
Make him into a painted cage,
Or the false forest of a well-hung room,
For honour and preferment, come.
Now, blessings on you all, ye heroic race,
Who keep your primitive powers and rights so well,
Though men and angels fell.

Of all material lives the highest place
To you is justly given;
And ways and walks the nearest heaven:
Whilst wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit
To boast, that we look up to it.
E'en to the universal tyrant, Love,
You homage pay but once a year:
None so degenerous and unbirdly prove,
As his perpetual yoke to bear;
None, but a few unhappy household fowl,
Whom human lordship does control;
Who from their birth corrupted were
By bondage, and by man's example here.

He's no small prince, who every day
Thus to himself can say:—
Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk,
Now meditate alone, now with acquaintance talk;
This I will do, here I will stay,
Or, if my fancy call me away,
My man and I will presently go ride
(For we, before, have nothing to provide,
Nor after, are to render an account)
To Dover, Berwick, or the Cornish mount.
If thou but a short journey take,
As if thy last thou wert to make,
Business must be despatch'd, ere thou canst part,
Nor canst thou stir, unless there be
A hundred horse and men to wait on thee,
And many a mule and many a cart;
What an unwieldy man thou art!
The Rhodian Colossus so
A journey, too, might go.

Where honour, or where conscience, does not bind,
  Nor other law shall shackle me;
  Slave to myself I will not be,
Nor shall my future actions be confined
  By my own present mind.
Who by resolves and vows engaged does stand
  For days, that yet belong to fate,
Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his estate,
  Before it falls into his hand:
  The bondman of the cloister so,
All that he does receive, does always owe;
And still, as time comes in, it goes away
  Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.
Unhappy slave, and pupil to a bell,
Which his hour's-work, as well as hours, does tell!
Unhappy, till the last, the kind releasing knell.

If life should a well-order'd poem be
      (In which he only hits the white
Who joins true profit with the best delight),
The more heroic strain let others take,
      Mine the Pindaric way I'll make;
The matter shall be grave, the numbers loose and free.
It shall not keep one settled pace of time,
In the same tune it shall not always chime,
Nor shall each day just to his neighbour rhyme;
A thousand liberties it shall dispense,
And yet shall manage all without offence
Or to the sweetness of the sound, or greatness of the
        sense;
Nor shall it never from one subject start,
      Nor seek transitions to depart,
Nor its set way o'er stiles and bridges make,
    Nor thorough lanes a compass take,

As if it fear'd some trespass to commit,
When the wide air 's a road for it.
So the imperial eagle does not stay
Till the whole carcass he devour,
That 's fallen into its power:
As if his generous hunger understood
That he can never want plenty of food,
He only sucks the tasteful blood;
And to fresh game flies cheerfully away;
To kites and meaner birds he leaves the mangled prey.

DAVID'S SONG TO SAUL.

FROM THE DAVIDEIS.

When Israel was from bondage led,
Led by th' Almighty's hand
From out a foreign land,
The great sea beheld, and fled.
As men pursued, when that fear past they find,
Stop on some higher ground to look behind;
So, whilst through wondrous ways
The sacred army went,
The waves afar stood up to gaze,
And their own rocks did represent,
Solid as waters are above the firmament.

Old Jordan's waters to their spring
Start back with sudden fright;
The spring, amazed at sight,
Asks what news from sea they bring.
The mountains shook; and to the mountains' side
The little hills leap'd round, themselves to hide;

As young affrighted lambs,
When they aught dreadful spy,
Run trembling to their helpless dams:
The mighty sea and river, by,
Were glad, for their excuse, to see the hills too fly.

What ail'd the mighty sea to flee?
Or why did Jordan's tide
Back to his fountain glide?
Jordan's tide, what ail'd thee?
Why leap'd the hills? why did the mountains shake?
What ail'd them, their fix'd natures to forsake?
Fly where thou wilt, O sea!
And Jordan's current cease!
Jordan, there is no need of thee;
For at God's word, whene'er he please,
The rocks shall weep new waters forth instead of these.

DAVID'S SONG TO MICHAL.

FROM THE DAVIDEIS.

Awake, awake, my lyre!
And tell thy silent master's humble tale,
In sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire:
Though so exalted she,
And I so lowly be,
Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony.

Hark! how the strings awake:
And, though the moving hand approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear,
A kind of numerous trembling make.

Now all thy forces try,
Now all thy charms apply,
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak lyre! thy virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound,
And she to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My passion to remove,
Physic to other ills, thou 'rt nourishment to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my lyre!
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail;
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire:
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie,
Sleep, sleep again, my lyre! and let thy master die.

JONATHAN'S AFFECTION FOR DAVID.

FROM THE DAVIDEIS.

. . . . . He saw his comely face,
Where love and reverence so well mingled were;
And head, already crown'd with golden hair:
He saw what mildness his bold spirit did tame,
Gentler than light, yet powerful as a flame:
He saw his valour, by their safety proved;
He saw all this, and as he saw, he loved.
What art thou, Love! thou great mysterious thing!
From what hid stock does thy strange nature spring?

'Tis thou that mov'st the world through every part,
And hold'st the vast frame close, that nothing start,
From the due place and office first ordain'd;
By thee were all things made, and are sustain'd.
Sometimes we see thee fully, and can say
From hence thou took'st thy rise, and went'st that way;
But oftener the short beams of reason's eye
See only there thou art, not how, nor why.
How is the loadstone, nature's subtle pride,
By the rude iron woo'd, and made a bride?
How was the weapon wounded? what hid flame
The strong and conquering metal overcame?
Love (this world's grace) exalts his natural state;
He feels thee, Love! and feels no more his weight.
Ye learned heads, whom ivy garlands grace,
Why does that twining plant the oak embrace?
The oak, for courtship most of all unfit,
And rough as are the winds that fight with it?
How does the absent pole the needle move?
How does his cold and ice beget hot love?
Which are the wings of lightness to ascend?
Or why does weight to the' centre downwards bend?
Thus creatures void of life obey thy laws,
And seldom we, they never, know the cause.
In thy large state, life gives the next degree,
Where sense, and good apparent, places thee;
But thy chief palace is man's heart alone,
Here are thy triumphs and full glories shewn:
Handsome desires, and rest, about thee flee,
Union, inherence, zeal, and ecstasy,
With thousand joys cluster around thine head,
O'er which a gall-less dove her wings does spread;
A gentle lamb, purer and whiter far
Than consciences of thine own martyrs are,

Lies at thy feet; and thy right hand does hold
The mystic sceptre of a cross of gold.
Thus dost thou sit (like men ere sin had framed
A guilty blush) naked, but not ashamed.
What cause then did the fabulous ancients find,
When first their superstition made thee blind?
'Twas they, alas! 'twas they who could not see,
When they mistook that monster Lust for thee.
Thou art a bright, but not consuming flame;
Such in th' amazed bush to Moses came;
When that secure its new-crown'd head did rear,
And chid the trembling branches' needless fear.
Thy darts are healthful gold, and downwards fall,
Soft as the feathers that they 're fletch'd withal.
Such, and no other, were those secret darts,
Which sweetly touch'd this noblest pair of hearts;
Still to one end they both so justly drew,
As courteous doves together yoked would do:
No weight of birth did on one side prevail,
Two twins less even lie in nature's scale;
They mingled fates, and both in each did share,
They both were servants, they both princes were.
If any joy to one of them was sent,
It was most his to whom it least was meant;
And fortune's malice betwixt both was cross'd,
For, striking one, it wounded th' other most.
Never did marriage such true union find,
Or men's desires with so glad violence bind;
For, there is still some tincture left of sin,
And still the sex will needs be stealing in.
Those joys are full of dross, and thicker far;
These, without matter, clear and liquid are.
Such sacred love does heaven's bright spirits fill,
Where love is but to understand and will

With swift and unseen motions; such as we
Somewhat express in heighten'd charity.
O ye bless'd One! whose love on earth became
So pure that still in heaven 'tis but the same!
There now ye sit, and with mix'd souls embrace,
Gazing upon great Love's mysterious face;
And pity this base world, where friendship 's made
A bait for sin, or else at best a trade.
Ah! wondrous prince! who a true friend couldst be,
When a crown flatter'd, and Saul threaten'd thee!
Who held'st him dear, whose stars thy birth did cross!
And bought'st him nobly at a kingdom's loss!
Israel's bright sceptre far less glory brings;
There have been fewer friends on earth than kings.

THE BARGAIN.

Take heed, take heed, thou lovely maid,
Nor be by glittering ills betray'd;
Thyself for money! oh, let no man know
The price of beauty fall'n so low!
What dangers ought'st thou not to dread,
When love, that 's blind, is by blind Fortune led?

The foolish Indian, that sells
His precious gold for beads and bells,
Does a more wise and gainful traffic hold,
Than thou, who sell'st thyself for gold.
What gains in such a bargain are?
He'll in thy mines dig better treasures far.

Can gold, alas! with thee compare?
The sun, that makes it, 's not so fair;
The sun, which can nor make nor ever see

A thing so beautiful as thee,
In all the journeys he does pass,
Though the sea served him for a looking-glass.

Bold was the wretch that cheapen'd thee ;
Since Magus, none so bold as he :
Thou 'rt so divine a thing, that thee to buy
Is to be counted simony ;
Too dear he 'll find his sordid price
Has forfeited that and the benefice.

If it be lawful thee to buy,
There 's none can pay that rate but I ;
Nothing on earth a fitting price can be,
But what on earth 's most like to thee ;
And that my heart does only bear ;
For there thyself, thy very self, is there.

So much thyself does in me live,
That, when it for thyself I give,
'Tis but to change that piece of gold for this,
Whose stamp and value equal is ;
And, that full weight too may be had,
My soul and body, two grains more, I'll add.

MILTON.

THE FALL.

. . . . . Her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat!
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing, through all her works gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. . . . . .

. . . . . From the tree her step she turn'd,
But first low reverence done, as to the Power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infused
Into the plant sciential sap, derived
From nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while,
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flowers a garland to adorn

Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Misgave him; he the faltering measure felt:
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That morn when first they parted; by the tree
Of knowledge he must pass, there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffused.
To him she hasted; in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt,
Which with bland words at will she thus address'd:
Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, deprived
Thy presence, agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more
Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:
This tree is not as we are told, a tree
Of danger tasted, nor to' evil unknown
Opening the way, but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them gods who taste;
And hath been tasted such; the serpent wise,
Or not restrain'd, as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,
Not dead as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth
Endued with human voice and human sense,
Reasoning to admiration, and with me
Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I
Have also tasted, and have also found

Th' effects to correspond; opener mine eyes,
Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,
Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious soon.
Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
Lest thou not tasting, different degree
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee, when fate will not permit.
Thus Eve with countenance blithe her story told;
But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.
On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,
Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
Down dropp'd, and all the faded roses shed:
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
First to himself he inward silence broke:
O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
Defaced, deflower'd, and now to death devote?
Rather how hast thou yielded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred fruit forbidden? some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die:
How can I live without thee, how forego

Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

. . . . . .

So Adam, and thus Eve to him replied:
O glorious trial of exceeding love,
Illustrious evidence, example high!
Engaging me to emulate, but short
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
Adam? from whose dear side I boast me sprung,
And gladly of our union hear thee speak,
One heart, one soul, in both; whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee resolved,
Rather than death or aught than death more dread
Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear,
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
If any be, of tasting this fair fruit,
Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,
Direct, or by occasion) hath presented
This happy trial of thy love, which else
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought death menaced would ensue
This my attempt, I would sustain alone
The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die
Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assured
Remarkably so late of thy so true,
So faithful love unequall'd; but I feel
Far otherwise th' event, not death, but life

Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,
Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.
On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
And fear of death deliver to the winds.
So saying, she embraced him, and for joy
Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
Had so ennobled, as of choice t' incur
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
In recompense (for such compliance bad
Such recompense best merits) from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
With liberal hand: he scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge, not deceived,
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan;
Sky lour'd, and muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin
Original.

DEATH ONE OF THE GUARDS OF HELL. DESCRIBED.

. . . . . The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on:
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast

With horrid strides, hell trembled as he strode.
Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admired,
Admired, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valued he nor shunn'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began:

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven.

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied:
Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heaven and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons
Conjured against the Highest, for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform: on th' other side
Incensed with indignation Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge

H. Corbould.

black he stood as night
Fierce as ten furies terrible as hell

In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levell'd his deadly aim ; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air :
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood ;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe : and now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by hell gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between :
O father, what intends thy hand, she cried,
Against thy only son ? What fury, O son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head ? and know'st for whom ?
For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids ;
His wrath which one day will destroy ye both.

SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I call,

But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless king:
Ah wherefore! he deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I sdeign'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe,
Forgetful what from him I still received,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged; what burden then?
O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition. Yet why not? some other power
As great might have aspired, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what t'accuse,
But heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,

To me alike it deals eternal woe.
Nay cursed be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O then at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery; such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former state; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore? ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher; therefore as far

From granting he, as I from begging peace :
All hope excluded thus, behold instead
Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse : all good to me is lost ;
Evil be thou my good ; by thee at least
Divided empire with heaven's king I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;
As man ere long, and this new world, shall know

ADAM'S SPEECH TO EVE.

. . . . . When Adam first of men
To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow :
Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all ; needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite ;
That raised us from the dust and placed us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he hath need, he who requires
From us no other service than to keep
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life ;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st

God hath pronounced it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of power and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large, to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

EVE'S REPLY.

. . . . . O THOU for whom
And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved
Pure as th' expanse of heaven; I thither went

With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me : I started back,
It started back ; but pleased I soon return'd ;
Pleased it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love : there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me—What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself ;
With thee it came and goes : but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art ; him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led ?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed, and tall,
Under a platan ; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image : back I turn'd ;
Thou following cried'st aloud, Return, fair Eve.
Whom fly'st thou ? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone ; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear ;
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half. With that thy gentle hand
Seized mine ; I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

THEIR MORNING HYMN.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou
fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wandering fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run

Perpetual circle, multiform ; and mix
And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls : ye birds,
That singing up to heaven gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good ; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

WEALTH USELESS WITHOUT VIRTUE AND WISDOM.

Yet wealth without these three[a] is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
Witness those ancient empires of the earth,
In height of all their flowing wealth dissolved:
But men endued with these have oft attain'd
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;
Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat
So many ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Among the Heathen (for throughout the world
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy of memorial), canst thou not remember
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
For I esteem those names of men so poor,
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches though offer'd from the hand of kings.
And what in me seems wanting, but that I
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps, and more?
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance if not snare, more apt
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms; yet not for that a crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,

a Virtue, Valour, Wisdom.

Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;
Which every wise and virtuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and knowing worship God aright,
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a generous mind
So reigning can be no sincere delight.
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought,
To gain a sceptre, oftest better miss'd.

WHAT IS GLORY?

Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd?
And what the people but a herd confused,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol [praise?
Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the
They praise and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise?
His lot who dares be singularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.
This is true glory and renown, when God,
Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through heaven
To all his angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises: thus he did to Job,
When, to extend his fame through heaven and earth,
As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,
He ask'd thee, Hast thou seen my servant Job?
Famous he was in heaven, on earth less known;
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in field great battles win,

Great cities by assault: what do these worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worshipp'd with temple, priest, and sacrifice;
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd,
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance: I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs with saintly patience borne
Made famous in a land and times obscure;
Who names not now with honour patient Job?
Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught, and suffer'd for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
Aught suffer'd; if young African for fame
His wasted country freed from Punic rage,
The deed becomes unpraised, the man at least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,
Oft not deserved? I seek not mine, but His
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.

SAMSON'S LAMENT FOR HIS LOSS OF SIGHT.

O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light the prime work of God, to me 's extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eased,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,
They creep, yet see, I dark in light exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first-created beam, and thou great Word,
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as th' eye confined,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,

That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
As in the land of darkness yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried; but O yet more miserable!
Myself, my sepulchre, a moving grave,
Buried, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.

BUTLER.

—

DESCRIPTION OF SIR HUDIBRAS.

Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling
And out he rode a colonelling.
A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him mirror of knighthood,
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder-blade;
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartle or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of war as well as peace

(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water):
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise or stout:
Some hold the one, and some the other,
But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.
For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne playing with his cat
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras
(For that 's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write):
But they 're mistaken very much;
'Tis plain enough he was no such.
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it,
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unless on holidays, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they 're found
To flourish most in barren ground,

He had such plenty, as sufficed
To make some think him circumcised.

* * * * *
* * * * *

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute:
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl;
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.

. . . . . .

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit:
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;

As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended :
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies ;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss ;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick ;
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way ;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to :
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worship'd God for spite :
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for :
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow :
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin :
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly ;
Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge ;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th'apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linkt,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got th' advowson of his conscience.
Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward :

That next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus.
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part whereof was whey,
The nether orange, mix'd with grey.
The hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government,
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the State's were made:
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfall:
It was monastic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow;
Of rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordeliere:
'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
And martyrdom, with resolution;
T' oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state,
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortured,
Reviled, and spit upon, and martyr'd;
Maugre all which 'twas to stand fast
As long as Monarchy should last;
But when the state should hap to reel
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,

And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state,
Whose thread of life the Fatal Sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever,
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.
His back, or rather burden, shew'd
As if it stoop'd with its own load:
For as Æneas bore his sire
Upon his shoulders through the fire,
Our Knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back;
Which now had almost got the upper
Hand of his head for want of crupper:
To poise this equally, he bore
A paunch of the same bulk before,
Which still he had a special care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country-house affords;
With other victual, which anon
We farther shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.
His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own:

Through they were lined with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood:
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry vittle in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t' other magazine,
They stoutly in defence on 't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood,
And till they' were storm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortified redoubt:

. . . . . .

His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was tied,
With basket-hilt that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch
He ne'er gave quarter to any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack:
The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not shew its face.

In many desperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder:
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And prisoners too, or made them run.
This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age,
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do:
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon; though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 't would not care:
'T would make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score
In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
Two aged pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get:
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent,
And sometimes catch them with a snap,
As cleverly as th' ablest trap:
They were upon hard duty still,
And every night stood centinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

DEFEAT OF SIR HUDIBRAS BY TRULLA.

This said, she to her tackle fell,
And on the Knight let fall a peal
Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home,
That he retired, and follow'd 's bum.
Stand to 't (quoth she), or yield to mercy;
It is not fighting *arsie-versie*
Shall serve thy turn.—This stirr'd his spleen
More than the danger he was in,
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although they' already made him reel;
Honour, despite, revenge, and shame,
At once into his stomach came;
Which fired it so, he raised his arm
Above his head, and raised a storm
Of blows so terrible, and thick,
As if he meant to hash her quick:
But she upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diversion broke them,
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with usury,
Which long she fail'd not of; for now
The Knight with one dead-doing blow
Resolving to decide the fight,
And she with quick and cunning sleight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charged upon it was so great,
As almost sway'd him to the ground:
No sooner she th' advantage found,
But in she flew; and seconding,
With home-made thrust, the heavy swing,

She laid him flat upon his side,
And, mounting on his trunk astride,
Quoth she,—I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, base scum:
Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace and quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And stain thine honour, than thy sword?
A man of war to damn his soul,
In basely breaking his parole;
And when before the fight thou' had'st vow'd
To give no quarter in cold blood;
Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,
To make me 'gainst my will take quarter,
Why dost not put me to the sword,
But cowardly fly from thy word?
Quoth Hudibras, The day 's thine own;
Thou and thy stars have cast me down:
My laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy conquering brow:
My loss of honour 's great enough,
Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff:
Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,
But cannot blur my lost renown:
I am not now in fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient heroes were illustrious
For being benign, and not blustrous
Against a vanquish'd foe: their swords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courtesies about.
Quoth she, Although thou hast deserved,
Base Slubberdegullion, to be served

As thou didst vow to deal with me,
If thou hadst got the victory;
Yet I shall rather act a part,
That suits my fame, than thy desert.
Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
All that 's on th' outside of thy hide,
Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bait one straw;
The rest, thy life and limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I restore.
Quoth Hudibras, It is too late
For me to treat or stipulate;
What thou command'st I must obey;
Yet those whom I expunged to-day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too,
Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parole,
Whom I took prisoners in this quarrel.
Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was 't not thou
That gave Crowdero quarter too?
Crowdero whom, in irons bound,
Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound,
Where still he lies, and with regret
His generous bowels rage and fret:
But now thy carcass shall redeem,
And serve to be exchanged for him.
This said, the knight did straight submit
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he disrobed his gabardine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said jesting,

Take that, and wear it for my sake;
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
And as the French, we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers,
Port-cannons, perriwigs, and feathers;
Just so the proud insulting lass
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.

POMFRET.

ON GOODNESS.

But if there be one attribute divine
With greater lustre than the rest can shine,
'Tis goodness, which we every moment see
The Godhead exercise with such delight,
It seems, it only seems, to be
The best-beloved perfection of the Deity,
And more than infinite.
Without that, he could never prove
The proper object of our praise or love;
Were he not good, he 'd be no more concern'd
To hear the wretched in affliction cry,
Or see the guiltless for the guilty die,
Than Nero, when the flaming city burn'd,
And weeping Romans o'er its ruins mourn'd.
Eternal justice then would be,
But everlasting cruelty;
Power unrestrain'd, almighty violence;
And wisdom unconfined, but craft immense.

'Tis goodness constitutes him that he is ;
And those
Who will deny him this,
A god without a deity suppose.
When the lewd atheist blasphemously swears,
By his tremendous name
There is no god, but all 's a sham ;
Insipid tattle, praise and prayers,
Virtue, pretence ; and all the sacred rules
Religion teaches, tricks to cully fools ;
Justice would strike th' audacious villain dead,
But mercy, boundless, saves his guilty head ;
Gives him protection, and allows him bread.
Does not the sinner whom no danger awes,
Without restraint, his infamy pursue,
Rejoice, and glory in it too ;
Laugh at the power divine, and ridicule his laws ;
Labour in vice his rivals to excel,
That, when he 's dead, they may their pupils tell
How wittily the fool was damn'd, how hard he fell ?
Yet this vile wretch in safety lives,
Blessings in common with the best receives ;
Though he is proud t' affront the God those blessings
gives.
The cheerful sun his influence sheds on all ;
Has no respect to good or ill :
And fruitful showers without distinction fall,
Which fields with corn, with grass the pastures, fill.
The bounteous hand of Heaven bestows
Success and honour many times on those
Who scorn his favourites, and caress his foes.
To this good God, whom my adventurous pen
Has dared to celebrate
In lofty Pindar's strain ;

Though with unequal strength to bear the weight
Of such a ponderous theme so infinitely great:
To this good God, celestial spirits pay,
With ecstacy divine, incessant praise:
While on the glories of his face they gaze,
In the bright regions of eternal day.
To him each rational existence here,
Whose breast one spark of gratitude contains,
In whom there are the least remains
Of piety or fear,
His tribute brings of joyful sacrifice,
For pardon prays, and for protection flies:
Nay, the inanimate creation give,
By prompt obedience to his word,
Instinctive honour to their Lord;
And shame the thinking world, who in rebellion live.
With heaven and earth then, O my soul, unite,
And the great God of both adore and bless,
Who gives thee competence, content, and peace;
The only fountains of sincere delight:
That from the transitory joys below,
Thou by a happy exit may'st remove
To those ineffable above;
Which from the vision of the Godhead flow,
And neither end, decrease, nor interruption, know.

TO A PAINTER DRAWING DORINDA'S PICTURE.

Painter, the utmost of thy judgment shew;
Exceed e'en Titian, and great Angelo:
With all the liveliness of thought express
The moving features of Dorinda's face.

DORINDA.

Thou canst not flatter, where such beauty dwells;
Her charms thy colours, and thy art, excels.
Others, less fair, may from thy pencil have
Graces, which sparing nature never gave:
But in Dorinda's aspect thou wilt see
Such as will pose thy famous art, and thee:
So great, so many in her face unite,
So well proportion'd, and so wondrous bright,
No human skill can e'er express them all,
But must do wrong to th' fair original.
An angel's hand alone the pencil fits,
To mix the colours when an angel sits.
Thy picture may as like Dorinda be
As art of man can paint a deity;
And justly may, perhaps, when she withdraws,
Excite our wonder, and deserve applause:
But when compared, you 'll be obliged to own,
No art can equal what 's by nature done.
Great Lely's noble hand, excell'd by few,
The picture fairer than the person drew:
He took the best that nature could impart,
And made it better by his powerful art.
But had he seen that bright, surprising grace,
Which spreads itself o'er all Dorinda's face,
Vain had been all the essays of his skill;
She must have been confess'd the fairest still.
Heaven in a landscape may be wondrous fine,
And look as bright as painted light can shine:
But still the real glories of the place
All art, by infinite degrees, surpass.

TO THE PAINTER, AFTER HE HAD FINISHED DORINDA'S PICTURE.

Painter, thou hast perform'd what man can do;
Only Dorinda's self more charms can shew.
Bold are thy strokes, and delicate each touch;
But still the beauties of her face are such
As cannot justly be described; though all
Confess 'tis like the bright original.
In her, and in thy picture, we may view
The utmost nature, or that art, can do;
Each is a masterpiece, design'd so well,
That future times may strive to parallel;
But neither art nor nature 's able to excel.

DRYDEN.

ABSALOM'S REPLY TO ACHITOPHEL.

And what pretence have I
To take up arms for public liberty?
My father governs with unquestion'd right;
The faith's defender, and mankind's delight;
Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws;
And Heaven by wonders has espoused his cause.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose!
Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good;
Inclined to mercy, and averse from blood.

If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute.
What could he gain his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary sway?
Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
The dog-star heats their brains to this disease.
Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel, and run popularly mad?
Were he a tyrant, who by lawless might
Oppress'd the Jews, and raised the Jebusite,
Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands
Would curb my spirits and restrain my hands:
The people might assert their liberty;
But what was right in them were crime in me.
His favour leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wishes, and outruns desire;
What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his kingly diadem he gives:
And that—But here he paused; then, sighing, said—
Is justly destined for a worthier head.
For when my father from his toils shall rest,
And late augment the number of the blest,
His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,
Or the collateral line, where that shall end.
His brother, though oppress'd with vulgar spite,
Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,
Of every royal virtue stands possess'd;
Still dear to all the bravest and the best.
His courage foes, his friends his truth, proclaim;
His loyalty the king, the world his fame.
His mercy e'en th' offending crowd will find;
For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.

Why should I then repine at Heaven's decree,
Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
Yet oh that fate, propitiously inclined,
Had raised my birth, or had debased my mind;
To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean descent!
I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
And David's part disdains my mother's mould.
Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?
My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth;
And made for empire whispers me within,
Desire of greatness is a godlike sin.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

PARAPHRASED.

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.
Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command.

Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.
Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee!

AN ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW.

I.

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new-pluck'd from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:

Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wandering race,
Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
Moved with the heavens' majestic pace;
Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse,
In no ignoble verse;
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first fruits of Poesy were given;
To make thyself a welcome inmate there:
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfused into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was form'd, at first, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.

III.

May we presume to say, that, at thy birth,
New joy was sprung in heaven, as well as here on earth?
For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And e'en the most malicious were in trine.
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tuned it high,
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on earth.
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres.
And if no clustering swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that such vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leisure to renew:
For all thy bless'd fraternity of love
Solemnized there thy birth, and kept thy holiday above.

IV.

O gracious God! how far have we
Profaned thy heavenly gift of poesy?
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love?
O wretched we! why were we hurried down
This lubrique and adulterate age
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own),
T' increase the streaming ordures of the stage?
What can we say t' excuse our second fall?
Let this thy vestal, Heaven, atone for all:

Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefiled;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

V.

Art she had none, yet wanted none;
For nature did that want supply:
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
And to be read herself she need not fear;
Each test, and every light, her Muse will bear,
Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
E'en love (for love sometimes her Muse express'd)
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her breast:
Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
So cold herself, whilst she such warmth express'd,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

VI.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought, she should have been content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious souls confine?
To the next realm she stretch'd her sway,
For Painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
A Chamber of Dependencies was framed,
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to justify th' offence),

And the whole fief, in right of Poetry, she claim'd.
The country open lay without defence:
For Poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly could represent
The shape, the face, with every lineament;
And all the large domains which the Dumb Sister sway'd.
All bow'd beneath her government,
Received in triumph wheresoe'er she went.
Her pencil drew, whate'er her soul design'd,
And oft the happy draught surpass'd the image in her mind.
The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, shew'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with sacred shades,
And perspectives of pleasant glades,
Where nymphs of brightest form appear,
And shaggy Satyrs standing near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of some majestic piece,
Boasting the power of ancient Rome or Greece,
Whose statues, freezes, columns, broken lie,
And, though defaced, the wonder of the eye;
What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durst frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before,
But when the peopled ark the whole creation bore.

VII.

The scene then changed, with bold erected look
Our martial king the sight with reverence struck:

For, not content t' express his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:
His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
His high-designing thoughts were figured there,
As when, by magic, ghosts are made appear.
Our phœnix queen was portray'd too so bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take so right:
Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
Were all observed, as well as heavenly face.
With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands:
Before a train of heroines was seen,
In beauty foremost, as in rank, the queen.
Thus nothing to her genius was denied,
But like a ball of fire the farther thrown,
Still with a greater blaze she shone,
And her bright soul broke out on every side.
What next she had design'd, Heaven only knows:
To such immoderate growth her conquest rose,
That Fate alone its progress could oppose.

VIII.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd shape, and beauteous face,
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
Not wit, nor piety, could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel destiny content
To finish all the murder at a blow,
To sweep at once her life and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
O double sacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relic, and deface the shrine!

But thus Orinda died:
Heaven, by the same disease, did both translate;
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

IX.

Meantime her warlike brother on the seas
His waving streamers to the winds displays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear,
The winds too soon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home!
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
Thou hast already had her last embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far
Among the Pleiads a new-kindled star,
If any sparkles than the rest more bright;
'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

X.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations under ground;
When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
The judging God shall close the book of fate;
And there the last assizes keep,
For those who wake, and those who sleep:
When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the sky;
When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
Those cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires the dead;
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lightest ground;
And straight, with inborn vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.

There thou, sweet Saint, before the quire shalt go,
As harbinger of heaven, the way to shew,
The way which thou so well hast learnt below.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sat
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crown'd):
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sat like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above
(Such is the power of mighty love).
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd;
And while he sought her snowy breast:
Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around:
A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:

The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shews his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;

Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed:
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sat,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause:
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain:
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head:
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise:
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

VII.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last, divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

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And added length to solemn sounds,
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TATE.

HERO TO LEANDER.

(FROM OVID.)

With such delight I read your letter o'er,
Your presence only could have given me more.
Excuse my passion, if it soar above
Your thought; no man can judge of woman's love.
With business you, or pleasures, may sustain
The pangs of absence, and divert the pain.
The hills, the vales, the woods, and streams, are stored
With game, and profit with delight afford.
Whilst gins for beasts, and snares for fowl, you set,
You smile, and your own amorous chains forget.

Ten thousand helps besides effect your cure,
Whilst woman's sole relief is to endure.
Or with my confidant I hold discourse,
Debating what should interrupt your course:
Or viewing from aloft the troubled tide,
Mix in the fray, and with the tempest chide:
Or in the storm's least interval suspect
Your stay, and almost charge you with neglect.
I seek your footsteps on the sands in vain,
The sands no more confess thee than the main.
I watch th' arriving barks, and never fail
T' inquire of you, and write by every sail.
Still as the setting sun restores the night
(The night to me more welcome than the light),
I fix my flaming torch to guide my love,
Nor shines there any friendlier star above.
Then with my work or book the time I cheat,
And 'midst the task Leander's name repeat.
My wedded thoughts no other theme pursue;
I talk a hundred things—but all of you.
What think'st thou, nurse, does my Leander come?
Or waits he till his parents sleep at home?
For he is forced to steal his passage there,
As nightly we by stealth admit him here.
Think'st thou that now he strips him in the bay,
Or is already plunged, and on his way?
Whilst she, poor soul, with tedious watching spent,
Makes half replies, and nodding gives assent.
Yet cannot I the smallest pause allow,
But cry, He is launch'd forth for certain now.
Then every moment through the window peep;
With greedy eyes examine all the deep;
And whisper to the floods a tender prayer
In your behalf, as if I spied you there.

Or to beguile my griefs my ear incline,
And take each gentle breeze's voice for thine:
At last, surprised with sleep, in dreams I gain
That bliss for which I waked so long in vain.
To shroud you then my shoulders I divest,
And clasp you shivering to my warmer breast.

. . . . . .

At present, I confess, the seas are rough,
But were last night composed and calm enough;
Why did you then my longing hopes delay?
Why disappoint me with a total stay?
Is it your fear that makes my wishes vain?
When rougher, you have oft engaged the main.
If it be fear, that friendly fear retain,
Nor visit me till you securely may;
Your danger would afflict me more than stay.
Dread every gust that blows—but oh! my mind
Misgives, lest you prove various as that wind.
If e'er you change, your error secret keep,
And in blest ignorance permit me sleep.
Not that I'm inform'd you're changed at all,
But absent lovers fear whate'er may fall.
Detain'd by th' floods, your stay I will not blame;
But less I dread the floods than some new flame.
Be hush'd ye winds, ye raging billows sleep,
And yield my love safe passage through the deep.
Bless'd sign! the taper sparkles whilst I pray—
A guest i' the flame! Leander 's on his way!
Our household altar yields propitious signs,
From which my nurse your swift approach divines:
The crickets too of your arrival warn,
And say our number shall increase ere morn.
Come, gentle youth, and with thy presence make
The glad conjecture true; the day will break,

And mar our bliss; prevent the hastening morn;
To me and love's forsaken joys return.
My bed without thee will afford no rest;
There is no pillow like Leander's breast.
Dost thou suspect the time will be too short?
Or want'st thou strength th' adventure to support?
If this detain thee oh! no longer stay;
I'll plunge, and meet thee in the flood half way.
Thus in the verdant waves our flames shall meet,
And danger make the soft embrace more sweet.
Our love's our own, which yet we take by stealth,
Like midnight misers from their hidden wealth.
'Twixt decency and love unhappy made,
Whilst fame forbids what our desires persuade.
How art thou nightly snatch'd from me away,
To dare the flood when sailors keep the bay?
Yet be advised, thou conqueror of the tide,
Nor in thy youthful strength so much confide.
Think not thine arms can more than oars prevail;
Nor dare to swim when pilots fear to sail.
With much regret I cautiously persuade,
And almost wish my counsel disobey'd.
Yet when to the rough main my eyes I turn,
Methinks I never can enough forewarn:
Nor does my last night's vision less affright
(Though expiated with many a sacred rite);
A sporting dolphin, whilst the flood retired,
Lay hid i' the ooze, and on the beach expired.
Whate'er the dream portend, as yet reside
In the safe port, nor trust th' inconstant tide.
The storm (too fierce to last) will soon decay,
Then with redoubled speed redeem your stay.
Till then these sheets some pleasure may impart;
They bring, what most you prize, your Hero's heart.

PARNELL.

LOVE AND INNOCENCE.

My days have been so wondrous free,
The little birds that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree,
Were but as bless'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increased their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught,
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines!
Ye swains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
Ye close retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design;
O teach a young, unpractised heart,
To make fair Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress;
Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

A FAIRY TALE,

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

In Britain's isle and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies daunced the maze,
Lived Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Though badly shaped he 'd been.

His mountain back mote well be said,
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above;
Yet, spite of all that nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dared to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion paced along
All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour town;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolved, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
And trembling rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds increase:
And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gazed, a gallant dress'd
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cried—
'What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presumed to hide?'

At this the swain, whose venturous soul
No fears of magic art control,
Advanced in open sight:
'Nor have I cause of dreed,' he said,
'Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.

'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew.'
'Tis well,' the gallant cries again,
'We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
Be little Mable thine.'

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light music floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen:
The rest their fairy partners found:
And Mable trimly tripp'd the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made,
As heart and lip desire,
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But, now to please the fairy king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has bent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To sprawl unneath the roof.

From thence, 'Reverse my charm,' he cries,
'And let it fairly now suffice
The gambol has been shewn.
But Oberon answers with a smile,
'Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
The vantage is thine own.'

Here ended all the phantom play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in such a case
Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dauncing as he walks,
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz moved,
The youth of Edith erst approved,
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befel,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seized the wall;
Up spring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And music fills the hall.

But certes sorely sunk with woe
Sir Topaz sees the Elphin show,
His spirits in him die·
When Oberon cries, 'A man is near,
A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky.'

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth!
In accents faultering, ay for ruth,
Entreats them pity graunt;
For als he been a mister wight
Betray'd by wandering in the night
To tread the circled haunt;

'Ah Losell, vile,' at once they roar;
'And little skill'd of fairie lore,
Thy cause to come we know:
Now has thy kestrell courage fell;
And fairies, since a lie you tell,
Are free to work thee woe.'

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The caitiff upward flung;
There, like a tortoise in a shop,
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat,
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down y-drops the knight:
For never spell by fairie laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade,
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His seely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared;
She softly stroked my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
'Thus some are born, my son,' she cries,
'With base impediments to rise,
And some are born with none.

But virtue can itself advance
To what the favourite fools of chance
By fortune seem design'd;
Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
And from itself shake off the weight
Upon th' unworthy mind.'

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom 's surely taught below.
How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,

While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire.
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancholy state
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee, they life possess'd,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.

Those with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away),
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;

Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.
Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die!
Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound,
O'er the long lake and midnight ground!)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones:—
When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a King of Fears am I!
They view me like the last of things;
They make, and then they draw, my strings.
Fools! if you less provoked your fears,
No more my spectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state to ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.
Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead?
Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe;

As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun :
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body placed,
A few and evil years they waste :
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

Lovely, lasting peace of mind !
Sweet delight of human kind !
Heavenly born and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know !
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head ;
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease !
Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold inshrined.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way,
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love ; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.

The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That Solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All Nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden bless'd,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceived
The branches whisper as they waved:
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of his grace.
When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy:

Raised as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and bless'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song:
I'll lift my voice and tune my string,
And thee, great source of Nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

ROWE.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, silly swain that I was!
Thus sadly complaining, he cried,
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had died.
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue;
When she smiled, 'twas a pleasure too great.
I listen'd, and cried, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forsake the fine folk of the town?
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have skill to complain,
Though the Muses my temples have crown'd,
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around:

Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
  Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false-one inclines to a swain
  Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
  Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
  Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Though through the wide world I should range
  'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas her's to be false and to change,
  'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
  In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
  And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave,
  Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave.
  Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
  And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine show,
  And frolic it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
  No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon
  His ghost shall glide over the green.

SONG.

AH WILLOW.

I.

To the brook and the willow that heard him complain,
Ah, willow, willow;
Poor Colin sat weeping, and told them his pain;
Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.

II.

Sweet stream, he cried sadly, I'll teach thee to flow,
Ah willow, &c.
And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe.
Ah willow, &c.

III.

All restless and painful poor Amoret lies,
Ah willow, &c.
And counts the sad moments of time as it flies.
Ah willow, &c.

IV.

To the nymph my heart loves, ye soft slumbers repair;
Ah willow, &c.
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her your care.
Ah willow, &c.

V.

Dear brook, were thy chance near her pillow to creep,
Ah willow, &c.
Perhaps thy soft murmurs might lull her to sleep.
Ah willow, &c.

VI.

Let me be kept waking, my eyes never close,
Ah willow, &c.
So the sleep that I lose brings my fair one repose,
Ah willow, &c.

VII.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed;
Ah willow, &c.
If the loss of my dear-one, my love is decreed;
Ah willow, &c.

VIII.

If no more my sad heart by those eyes shall be cheer'd;
Ah willow, &c.
If the voice of my warbler no more shall be heard;
Ah willow, &c.

IX.

Believe me, thou fair-one, thou dear-one, believe,
Ah willow, &c.
Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give.
Ah willow, &c.

X.

One fate to thy Colin and thee shall be tied,
Ah willow, &c.
And soon lay thy shepherd close by thy cold side.
Ah willow, &c.

XI.

Then run, gentle brook; and to lose thyself, haste;
Ah willow, willow.
Fade thou too, my willow, this verse is my last;
Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.

CÆSAR'S SPEECH TO HIS SOLDIERS.

Ye warriors! who have made your Cæsar great,
On whom the world, on whom my fortunes wait,
To-day, the gods, whate'er you wish, afford,
And fate attends on the deciding sword.
By your firm aid alone your leader stands,
And trusts his all to your long-faithful hands.
This day shall make our promised glories good,
The hopes of Rubicon's distinguish'd flood.
For this blest morn we trusted long to fate,
Deferr'd our fame, and bade the triumph wait.
This day, my gallant friends, this happy day,
Shall the long labours of your arms repay;
Shall give you back to every joy of life,
To the loved offspring and the tender wife;
Shall find my veteran out a safe retreat,
And lodge his age within a peaceful seat.
The long dispute of guilt shall now be clear'd,
And conquest shall the juster cause reward.
Have you, for me, with sword and fire laid waste
Your country's bleeding bosom, as you pass'd?
Let the same swords as boldly strike to-day,
And the last wounds shall wipe the first away.
Whatever faction's partial notions are,
No hand is wholly innocent in war.
Yours is the cause to which my vows are join'd,
I seek to make you free, and masters of mankind.
I have no hopes, no wishes of mine own,
But well could hide me in a private gown:
At my expense of fame, exalt your powers,
Let me be nothing, so the world be yours.

Nor think the task too bloody shall be found,
With easy glory shall our arms be crown'd:
Yon host come learn'd in academic rules,
A band of disputants from Grecian schools.
To these, luxurious eastern crowds are join'd,
Of many a tongue, and many a different kind:
Their own first shouts shall fill each soul with fears,
And their own trumpets shock their tender ears.
Unjustly this, a civil war, we call,
Where none but foes of Rome, barbarians, fall.
On then, my friends! and end it at a blow;
Lay these soft, lazy, worthless nations low.
Shew Pompey that subdued them, with what ease
Your valour gains such victories as these:
Shew him, if justice still the palm confers,
One triumph was too much for all his wars.
From distant Tigris shall Armenians come,
To judge between the citizens of Rome?
Will fierce barbarian aliens waste their blood,
To make the cause of Latian Pompey good?
Believe me, no. To them we are all the same,
They hate alike the whole Ausonian name;
But most those haughty masters whom they know,
Who taught their servile vanquish'd necks to bow.
Meanwhile, as round my joyful eyes are roll'd,
None but my tried companions I behold;
For years in Gaul we made our hard abode,
And many a march in partnership have trod.
Is there a soldier to your chief unknown?
A sword, to whom I trust not, like my own?
Could I not mark each javelin in the sky,
And say from whom the fatal weapons fly?
E'en now I view auspicious furies rise,
And rage redoubled flashes in your eyes.

With joy those omens of success I read,
And see the certain victory decreed;
I see the purple deluge float the plain,
Huge piles of carnage, nations of the slain:
Dead chiefs with mangled monarchs, I survey,
And the pale senate crowns the glorious day.
But oh! forgive my tedious lavish tongue,
Your eager virtue I withhold too long;
My soul exults with hopes too fierce to bear,
I feel good fortune and the gods draw near.
All we can ask, with full consent they yield,
And nothing bars us but this narrow field.
The battle o'er, what boon can I deny?
The treasures of the world before you lie.
Oh, Thessaly! what stars, what powers divine,
To thy distinguish'd land this great event assign?
Between extremes, to-day our fortune lies,
The vilest punishment, and noblest prize.
Consider well the captive's lost estate,
Chains, racks, and crosses, for the vanquish'd wait.
My limbs are each allotted to its place,
And my pale head the Rostrum's height shall grace:
But that 's a thought unworthy Cæsar's care,
More for my friends than for myself I fear.
On my good sword securely I rely,
And, if I conquer not, am sure to die.
But, oh! for you my anxious soul foresees,
Pompey shall copy Sylla's curst decrees;
The Martian field shall blush with gore again,
And massacres once more the peaceful Septa stain.
Hear, oh! ye gods, who in Rome's strugglings share,
Who leave your heaven, to make our earth your care;
Hear, and let him the happy victor live,
Who shall with mercy use the power you give;

Whose rage for slaughter with the war shall cease,
And spare his vanquish'd enemies in peace.
Nor is Dyrrhachium's fatal field forgot,
Nor what was then our brave companions' lot;
When, by advantage of the straighter ground,
Successful Pompey compass'd us around;
When quite disarm'd your useless valour stood,
Till his fell sword was satiated with blood.
But gentler hands, but nobler hearts, you bear,
And, oh! remember 'tis your leader's prayer,
Whatever Roman flies before you, spare.
But, while opposed and menacing they stand,
Let no regard withhold the lifted hand:
Let friendship, kindred, all remorse, give place,
And mangling wounds deform the reverend face:
Still let resistance be repaid with blood,
And hostile force by hostile force subdued;
Stranger, or friend, whatever be the name,
Your merit still, to Cæsar, is the same.
Fill then the trenches, break the ramparts round,
And let our works lie level with the ground;
So shall no obstacles our march delay,
Nor stop one moment our victorious way.
Nor spare your camp; this night we mean to lie
In that from whence the vanquish'd foe shall fly.

POMPEY'S SPEECH TO HIS SOLDIERS.

The time to ease your groaning country's pain,
Which long your eager valour sought in vain;
The great deciding hour at length is come,
To end the strivings of distracted Rome:

For this one last effort exert your power,
Strike home to-day, and all your toils are o'er.
If the dear pledges of connubial love,
Your household-gods, and Rome, your souls can move,
Hither by fate they seem together brought,
And for that prize, to-day, the battle shall be fought.
Let none the favouring gods' assistance fear;
They always make the juster cause their care.
The flying dart to Cæsar shall they guide,
And point the sword at his devoted side:
Our injured laws shall be on him made good,
And liberty establish'd in his blood.
Could Heaven, in violence of wrath, ordain
The world to groan beneath a tyrant's reign,
It had not spared your Pompey's head so long,
Nor lengthen'd out my age to see the wrong.
All we can wish for, to secure success,
With large advantage, here, our arms possess:
See, in the ranks of every common band,
Where Rome's illustrious names for soldiers stand.
Could the great dead revisit life again,
For us, once more, the Decii would be slain;
The Curii, and Camilli, might we boast,
Proud to be mingled in this noblest host.
If men, if multitudes, can make us strong,
Behold what tribes unnumber'd march along!
Where'er the Zodiac turns its radiant round,
Wherever earth or people can be found;
To us the nations issue forth in swarms,
And in Rome's cause all human nature arms.
What then remains, but that our wings enclose,
Within their ample folds, our shrinking foes?

Thousands, and thousands, useless, may we spare;
Yon handful will not half employ our war.
Think, from the summit of the Roman wall,
You hear our loud lamenting matrons call;
Think with what tears, what lifted hands, they sue,
And place their last, their only hopes in you.
Imagine kneeling age before you spread,
Each hoary reverend majestic head;
Imagine, Rome herself your aid implored,
To save her from a proud imperious lord.
Think how the present age, how that to come,
What multitudes from you expect their doom:
On your success dependant all rely;
These to be born in freedom, those to die.
Think (if there be a thought can move you more,
A pledge more dear than those I named before),
Think you behold (were such a posture meet)
E'en me, your Pompey, prostrate at your feet.
Myself, my wife, my sons, a suppliant band,
From you our lives and liberties demand:
Or conquer you, or I, to exile borne,
My last dishonourable years shall mourn,
Your long reproach, and my proud father's scorn.
From bonds, from infamy, your general save,
Nor let his hoary head descend to earth a slave.

ADDISON.

ITALY AND BRITAIN COMPARED.

See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or, when transplanted and preserved with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
E'en the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me some god to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers, together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight;
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome;
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies,
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans' deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:

Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wondering at their height through airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wandering Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shewn,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and Gods, and Roman consuls, stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sued,
Still shew the charms that their proud hearts subdued.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And shew th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure toss'd,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?

The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the swelling grain;
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty cursed,
And in the laden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh Liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eased of her load subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

AN ODE ON THE CREATION.

I.

The spacious firmament on high.
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

II.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though, no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine—
The hand that made us is divine!

AN ODE.—CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

I.

How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine-hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep,
In all its horrors rise.

V.

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free ;
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

HUGHES.

ON ENGLISH BEAUTY.

RECITATIVE.

When Beauty's goddess from the ocean sprung,
Ascending, o'er the waves she cast a smile
On fair Britannia's happy isle,
And raised her tuneful voice, and thus she sung:

AIR.

Hail Britannia! hail to thee,
Fairest island of the sea!
Thou my favourite land shalt be.
Cyprus too shall own my sway,
And dedicate to me its groves;
Yet Venus and her train of loves
Will with happier Britain stay.
Hail Britannia! hail to thee,
Fairest island of the sea!
Thou my favourite land shalt be.

RECITATIVE.

Britannia heard the notes diffusing wide,
And saw the power whom gods and men adore,
Approaching nearer with the tide,
And in a rapture loudly cried,
O welcome! welcome to my shore!

AIR.

Lovely isle! so richly bless'd!
Beauty's palm is thine confess'd,
Thy daughters all the world outshine,
Nor Venus' self is so divine.
Lovely isle! so richly bless'd!
Beauty's palm is thine confess'd.

AN ODE.

TO THE CREATOR OF THE WORLD.

I.

O Muse unfeign'd! O true celestial fire,
Brighter than that which rules the day,
Descend! a mortal tongue inspire
To sing some great immortal lay!
Begin, and strike aloud the consecrated lyre!
Hence, ye profane! be far away!
Hence all ye impious slaves that bow
To idol lusts, or altars raise,
And to false heroes give fantastic praise!
And hence ye gods, who to a crime your spurious beings owe!
But hear, O heaven, and earth, and seas profound!
Hear, ye fathom'd deeps below,
And let your echoing vaults repeat the sound;
Let nature trembling all around,
Attend her Master's awful name,
From whom heaven, earth, and seas, and all the wide creation came.

II.

He spoke the great command; and Light,
Heaven's eldest-born and fairest child,
Flash'd in the lowering face of ancient Night,
And, pleased with its own birth, serenely smiled.
The Sons of Morning, on the wing,
Hovering in choirs, his praises sung,
When from th' unbounded vacuous space

A beauteous rising world they saw,
When Nature shew'd her yet unfinish'd face,
And motion took th' establish'd law
To roll the various globes on high;
When time was taught his infant wings to try,
And from the barrier sprung to his appointed race.

III.

Supreme, Almighty, still the same!
'Tis he, the great inspiring mind,
That animates and moves this universal frame,
Present at once in all, and by no place confined.
Not heaven itself can bound his sway;
Beyond th' untravell'd limits of the sky,
Invisible to mortal eye
He dwells in uncreated day.
Without beginning, without end; 'tis he
That fills th' unmeasured growing orb of vast immensity.

IV.

What power but his can rule the changeful main,
And wake the sleeping storm, or its loud rage restrain?
When winds their gather'd forces try,
And the chafed ocean proudly swells in vain,
His voice reclaims th' impetuous roar;
In murmuring tides th' abated billows fly,
And the spent tempest dies upon the shore.
The meteor world is his, heaven's wintry store,
The moulded hail, the feather'd snow;
The summer breeze, the soft refreshing shower,
The loose divided cloud, and many-colour'd bow;
The crooked lightning darts around,
His sovereign orders to fulfil;

The shooting flame obeys th' eternal will,
Launch'd from his hand, instructed where to kill,
Or rive the mountain oak, or blast th' unshelter'd ground.

V.

Yet, pleased to bless, indulgent to supply,
He, with a father's tender care,
Supports the numerous family
That peoples earth, and sea, and air.
From Nature's giant race, th' enormous elephant,
Down to the insect worm and creeping ant;
From th' eagle, sovereign of the sky,
To each inferior feather'd brood;
From crowns and purple majesty
To humble shepherds on the plain,
His hand unseen divides to all their food,
And the whole world of life sustains.

VI.

At one wide view his eye surveys
His works in every distant clime:
He shifts the seasons, months, and days,
The short-lived offspring of revolving time;
By turns they die, by turns are born;
Now cheerful Spring the circle leads,
And strews with flowers the smiling meads;
Gay Summer next, whom russet robes adorn,
And waving fields of yellow corn;
Then Autumn, who with lavish stores the lap of Nature spreads;
Decrepit Winter, laggard in the dance
(Like feeble age oppress'd with pain),
A heavy season does maintain,
With driving snows, and winds, and rain;

Till Spring, recruited to advance,
The various year rolls round again.

VII.

But who, thou great Adored! who can withstand
The terrors of thy lifted hand,
When, long provoked, thy wrath awakes,
And conscious Nature to her centre shakes?
Raised by thy voice, the thunder flies,
Hurling pale fear and wild confusion round;
How dreadful is th'inimitable sound,
The shock of earth and seas, and labour of the skies!
Then where 's Ambition's haughty crest?
Where the gay head of wanton Pride?
See! tyrants fall, and wish the opening ground
Would take them quick to shades of rest,
And in their common parent's breast
From thee their buried forms for ever hide;
In vain—for all the elements conspire,
The shatter'd earth, the rushing sea,
Tempestuous air, and raging fire,
To punish vile mankind, and fight for thee;
Nor death itself can intercept the blow,
Eternal is the guilt, and without end the woe.

VIII.

O Cyrus! Alexander! Julius! all
Ye mighty lords that ever ruled this ball!
Once gods of earth, the living destinies
That made a hundred nations bow!
Where 's your extent of empire now?
Say where preserved your phantom glory lies?
Can brass the fleeting thing secure?
Enshrined in temples does it stay?
Or in huge amphitheatres endure

The rage of rolling Time, and scorn decay?
Ah no! the mouldering monuments of Fame
Your vain deluded hopes betray,
Nor shew th' ambitious founder's name,
Mix'd with yourselves in the same mass of clay.

IX.

Proceed, my Muse! Time's wasting thread pursue,
And see at last th' unravell'd clew,
When cities sink, and kingdoms are no more,
And weary Nature shall her work give o'er.
Behold th' Almighty Judge on high!
See in his hand the book of fate!
Myriads of spirits fill the sky
T' attend, with dread solemnity,
The world's last scene, and time's concluding date.
The feeble race of short-lived Vanity
And sickly Pomp at once shall die;
Foul Guilt to midnight caves will shrink away,
Look back, and tremble in her flight,
And curse at heaven's pursuing light,
Surrounded with the vengeance of that day.
How will you then, ye impious, 'scape your doom,
Self-judged, abandon'd, overcome?
Your clouds of painted bliss shall melt before your sight.
Yet shall you not the giddy chase refrain,
Nor hope more solid bliss t' obtain,
Nor once repeat the joys you knew before;
But sigh, a long eternity of pain,
Toss'd in an ocean of desire, yet never find a shore.

X.

But see where the mild Sovereign sits prepared
His better subjects to reward!

Where am I now! what power divine
Transports me! what immortal splendours shine!
Torrents of glory that oppress the sight!
What joys, celestial King! thy throne surround!
The sun, who, with thy borrow'd beams so bright,
Sees not his peer in all the starry round,
Would here diminish'd fade away,
Like his pale sister of the night,
When she resigns her delegated light,
Lost in the blaze of day.
Here wonder only can take place;—
Then, Muse, th' adventurous flight forbear!
These mystic scenes thou canst no farther trace;
Hope may some boundless future bliss embrace,
But what, or when, or how, or where,
Are mazes all, which Fancy runs in vain;
Nor can the narrow cells of human brain
The vast immeasurable thought contain.

TRUTH, HONOUR, HONESTY.

In thee, bright maid, though all the virtues shine,
With rival beams, and every grace is thine,
Yet three, distinguish'd by thy early voice,
Excite our praise, and well deserve thy choice.

Immortal Truth in heaven itself displays
Her charms celestial born, and purest rays,
Which thence in streams, like golden sunshine, flow,
And shed their light on minds like yours below.

Fair Honour, next in beauty and in grace,
Shines in her turn, and claims the second place;

She fills the well-born soul with noble fires,
And generous thoughts and godlike acts inspires.

Then Honesty, with native air, succeeds,
Plain is her look, unartful are her deeds;
And, just alike to friends and foes, she draws
The bounds of right and wrong, nor errs from equal laws.

From heaven this scale of virtue thus descends
By just degrees, and thy full choice defends.
So when, in visionary trains, by night
Attending angels bless'd good Jacob's sight,
The mystic ladder thus appear'd to rise,
Its foot on earth, its summit in the skies.

PRIOR.

THE GARLAND.

I

The pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

II.

At morn the nymph vouchsafed to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

III.

The flowers she wore along the day:
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

IV.

Undress'd at evening, when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past;
She changed her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

V.

That eye dropp'd sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

VI.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour: pr'ythee tell:
That falling tear—what does it mean?

VII.

She sigh'd; she smiled: and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said—
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of Beauty, are but one:
At morn both flourish bright and gay;
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

IX.

At dawn poor Stella danced and sung;
The amorous youth around her bow'd:
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

X.

Such as she is, who died to-day,
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.

CHARITY.

ON THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounced, or angels sung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the speeches of the babbling earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
To weary tortures and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw
When Moses gave them miracles and law:
Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent guest,
Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer;
That scorn of life would be but wild despair;
A tymbal's sound were better than my voice;
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high and rears the abject mind,
Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provoked, she easily forgives;
And much she suffers, as she much believes.
Soft peace she brings, wherever she arrives;
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Each other gift which God on man bestows,
Its proper bound and due restriction knows;
To one fix'd purpose dedicates its power,
And, finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease:
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As, through the artist's intervening glass,
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen, than art can shew:
So, whilst our mind its knowledge would improve
(Its feeble eye intent on things above),
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirmed by Hope:
Yet we are able only to survey
Dawning of beams, and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd;
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,

In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.
Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy:
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsumed thy flame,
Shalt still survive—
Shalt stand before the host of heaven confess'd,
For ever blessing, and for ever bless'd.

SOLOMON'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF, AND ANXIETY FOR KNOWLEDGE.

Born, as I was, great David's favourite son,
Dear to my people, on the Hebrew throne,
Sublime my court, with Ophir's treasures bless'd,
My name extended to the farthest east,
My body cloth'd with every outward grace,
Strength in my limbs, and beauty in my face,
My shining thought with fruitful notions crown'd,
Quick my invention, and my judgment sound:
Arise (I communed with myself), arise;
Think, to be happy; to be great, be wise:
Content of spirit must from science flow,
For 'tis a godlike attribute to know.
I said, and sent my edict through the land:
Around my throne the letter'd rabbins stand;
Historic leaves revolve, long volumes spread,
The old discoursing as the younger read:
Attent I heard, proposed my doubts, and said:

The vegetable world, each plant and tree,
Its seed, its name, its nature, its degree,
I am allow'd, as fame reports, to know,
From the fair cedar on the craggy brow
Of Lebanon nodding supremely tall,
To creeping moss and hyssop on the wall:
Yet, just and conscious to myself, I find
A thousand doubts oppose the searching mind.
I know not why the beech delights the glade
With boughs extended, and a rounder shade;
Whilst towering firs in conic forms arise,
And with a pointed spear divide the skies:
Nor why again the changing oak should shed
The yearly honour of his stately head;
Whilst the distinguish'd yew is ever seen,
Unchanged his branch, and permanent his green.
Wanting the sun, why does the caltha fade?
Why does the cypress flourish in the shade?
The fig and date, why love they to remain
In middle station, and an even plain;
While in the lower marsh the gourd is found,
And while the hill with olive-shade is crown'd?
Why does one climate and one soil endue
The blushing poppy with a crimson hue,
Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violet blue?
Why does the fond carnation love to shoot
A various colour from one parent root;
While the fantastic tulip strives to break
In twofold beauty, and a parted streak?
The twining jasmine and the blushing rose
With lavish grace their morning scents disclose:
The smelling tuberose and jonquil declare
The stronger impulse of an evening air.
Whence has the tree (resolve me) or the flower

A various instinct, or a different power?
Why should one earth, one clime, one stream, one
breath,
Raise this to strength, and sicken that to death?
Whence does it happen, that the plant, which well
We name the sensitive, should move and feel?
Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
And with quick horror fly the neighbouring hand?
Along the sunny bank, or watery mead,
Ten thousand stalks the various blossoms spread:
Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confess'd magnificence deride
Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.
The cowslip smiles, in brighter yellow dress'd
Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breast:
A fairer red stands blushing in the rose
Than that which on the bridegroom's vestment flows.
Take but the humblest lily of the field;
And, if our pride will to our reason yield,
It must by sure comparison be shewn
That on the regal seat great David's son,
Array'd in all his robes and types of power,
Shines with less glory than that simple flower.

ALL IS VANITY.

Vain man! since first thy blushing sire essay'd
His folly with connected leaves to shade,
How does the crime of thy resembling race
With like attempt that pristine error trace!
Too plain thy nakedness of soul espied,
Why dost thou strive the conscious shame to hide
By masks of eloquence and veils of pride?

With outward smiles their flattery I received ;
Own'd my sick mind by their discourse relieved ;
But bent, and inward to myself, again
Perplex'd, these matters I revolved in vain.
My search still tired, my labour still renew'd,
At length I ignorance and knowledge view'd,
Impartial ; both in equal balance laid,
Light flew the knowing scale, the doubtful heavy weigh'd.

Forced by reflective reason, I confess,
That human science is uncertain guess.
Alas ! we grasp at clouds and beat the air,
Vexing that spirit we intend to clear.
Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb ?
Or who shall tell me what is space or time ?
In vain we lift up our presumptuous eyes
To what our Maker to their ken denies :
The searcher follows fast ; the object faster flies.
The little which imperfectly we find,
Seduces only the bewilder'd mind
To fruitless search of something yet behind.
Various discussions tear our heated brain ;
Opinions often turn ; still doubts remain ;
And who indulges thought, increases pain.

How narrow limits were to wisdom given !
Earth she surveys ; she thence would measure heaven :
Through mists obscure now wings her tedious way ;
Now wanders, dazzled with too bright a day ;
And from the summit of a pathless coast
Sees infinite, and in that sight is lost.

Remember, that the cursed desire to know,
Offspring of Adam ! was thy source of woe.
Why wilt thou then renew the vain pursuit,
And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit ;

With empty labour and eluded strife
Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life;
For ever from that fatal tree debarr'd,
Which flaming swords and angry cherubs guard?

MAN'S HELPLESSNESS.

Great Heaven! how frail thy creature man is made!
How by himself insensibly betray'd!
In our own strength unhappily secure,
Too little cautious of the adverse power,
And by the blast of self-opinion moved,
We wish to charm, and seek to be beloved.
On pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,
Masters as yet of our returning way;
Seeing no danger we disarm our mind,
And give our conduct to the waves and wind:
Then in the flowery mead or verdant shade,
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
And smiling see the nearer waters roll,
Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,
Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies;
And swift into the boundless ocean borne,
Our foolish confidence too late we mourn;
Round our devoted heads the billows beat,
And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands retreat.

O mighty Love! from thy unbounded power
How shall the human bosom rest secure?
How shall our thought avoid the various snare?
Or Wisdom to our caution'd soul declare

The different shapes thou pleasest to employ,
When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy?
The haughty nymph, in open beauty dress'd,
To-day encounters our unguarded breast:
She looks with majesty, and moves with state;
Unbent her soul, and in misfortune great,
She scorns the world, and dares the rage of fate.
Here whilst we take stern manhood for our guide,
And guard our conduct with becoming pride;
Charm'd with the courage in her action shewn,
We praise her mind, the image of our own.
She that can please is certain to persuade,
To-day beloved, to-morrow is obey'd.
We think we see through reason's optics right,
Nor find how beauty's rays elude our sight:
Struck with her eye, whilst we applaud her mind,
And when we speak her great, we wish her kind.
To-morrow, cruel power! thou arm'st the fair
With flowing sorrow, and dishevell'd hair;
Sad her complaint, and humble is her tale,
Her sighs explaining where her accents fail.
Here generous softness warms the honest breast;
We raise the sad, and succour the distress'd.
And, whilst our wish prepares the kind relief,
Whilst pity mitigates her rising grief,
We sicken soon from her contagious care,
Grieve for her sorrows, groan for her despair;
And against love too late those bosoms arm,
Which tears can soften, and which sighs can warm.

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

Thus Kitty,* beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untamed,
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflamed:

Inflamed with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordain'd;
And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd:

'Shall I thumb holy books, confined
With Abigails forsaken?
Kitty 's for other things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins?
At balls must *she* make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

What has she better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast?

Dearest mamma! for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try;
I'll have my earl as well as she,†
Or know the reason why.

* Lady Catherine Hyde, afterwards Duchess of Queensberry.
† The Earl of Essex married Lady Jane Hyde.

I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loosed before;
She, I was loosed at all.'

Fondness prevail'd, mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And *set the world on fire.*

CONGREVE.

TO SLEEP.

ELEGY.

O Sleep! thou flatterer of happy minds,
How soon a troubled breast thy falsehood finds!
Thou common friend, officious in thy aid
Where no distress is shewn, nor want betray'd:
But oh! how swift, how sure, thou art to shun
The wretch by fortune or by love undone!
Where are thy gentle dews, thy softer powers,
Which used to wait upon my midnight hours?
Why dost thou cease thy hovering wings to spread,
With friendly shade, around my restless bed?
Can no complainings thy compassion move?
Is thy antipathy so strong to love?
O no! thou art the prosperous lover's friend,
And dost uncall'd his pleasing toils attend.

With equal kindness, and with rival charms,
Thy slumbers lull him in his fair-one's arms:
Or from her bosom he to thine retires,
Where, sooth'd with ease, the panting youth respires,
Till soft repose restore his drooping sense,
And rapture is relieved by indolence.
But oh! what torture does the lover bear,
Forlorn by thee, and haunted by despair!
From racking thoughts by no kind slumber freed,
But painful nights his joyless days succeed.
But why, dull god! do I of thee complain?
Thou didst not cause, nor canst thou ease, my pain.
Forgive what my distracting grief has said;
I own, unjustly I thy sloth upbraid.
For oft I have thy proffer'd aid repell'd,
And my reluctant eyes from rest withheld;
Implored the Muse to break thy gentle chains,
And sung with Philomel my nightly strains.
With her I sing, but cease not with her song,
For more enduring woes my days prolong.
The morning lark to mine accords his note,
And tunes to my distress his warbling throat:
Each setting and each rising sun I mourn,
Wailing alike his absence and return:
And all for thee—what had I well-nigh said?
Let me not name thee, thou too charming maid!
No, as the wing'd musicians of the grove,
Th' associates of my melody and love,
In moving sound alone relate their pain,
And not with voice articulate complain;
So shall my Muse my tuneful sorrows sing,
And lose in air her name from whom they spring.
O may no wakeful thoughts her mind molest,
Soft be her slumbers, and sincere her rest:

For her, O Sleep! thy balmy sweets prepare;
The peace I lose for her, to her transfer.
Hush'd as the falling dews, whose noiseless showers,
Impearl the folded leaves of evening flowers,
Steal on her brow: and as those dews attend,
Till warn'd by waking day to re-ascend,
So wait thou for her morn; then gently rise,
And to the world restore the day-break of her eyes.

BLACKMORE.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

Hail, King Supreme! of power immense abyss!
Father of Light! exhaustless Source of Bliss!
Thou uncreated, self-existent Cause,
Controll'd by no superior being's laws,
Ere infant light essay'd to dart the ray,
Smiled heavenly sweet, and tried to kindle day:
Ere the wide fields of ether were display'd,
Or silver stars cœrulean spheres inlaid;
Ere yet the eldest child of Time was born,
Or verdant pride young Nature did adorn;
Thou art; and didst eternity employ
In unmolested peace, in plenitude of joy.
In its ideal frame the world, design'd
From ages past, lay finish'd in thy mind.
Conform to this divine imagined plan,
With perfect art, th' amazing work began.

Thy glance survey'd the solitary plains,
Where shapeless shade inert and silent reigns;
Then in the dark and undistinguish'd space,
Unfruitful, unenclosed, and wild of face,
Thy compass for the world mark'd out the destined
place.
Then didst thou through the fields of barren Night
Go forth, collected in Creating Might.
Where thou almighty vigour didst exert,
Which emicant did this and that way dart
Through the black bosom of the empty space:
The gulfs confess'd th' omnipotent embrace,
And, pregnant grown with elemental seed,
Unfinish'd orbs and worlds in embryo breed.
From the crude mass, Omniscient Architect,
Thou for each part materials didst select,
And with a master-hand thy world erect.
Labour'd by thee, the globes, vast lucid buoys,
By thee uplifted, float in liquid skies:
By thy cementing word their parts cohere,
And roll by thy impulsive nod in air.
Thou in the vacant didst the earth suspend,
Advance the mountains, and the vales extend:
People the plains with flocks, with beasts the wood,
And store with scaly colonies the flood.
Next, Man arose at thy creating word,
Of thy terrestrial realms vicegerent lord.
His soul, more artful labour, more refined,
And emulous of bright seraphic mind,
Ennobled by thy image, spotless shone,
Praised thee her author, and adored thy throne:
Able to know, admire, enjoy her God,
She did her high felicity applaud.

Since thou didst all the spacious worlds display,
Homage to thee let all obedient pay.
Let glittering stars, that dance their destined ring
Sublime in sky, with vocal planets sing
Confederate praise to thee, O great creator King!
Let the thin districts of the waving air,
Conveyancers of sound, thy skill declare.
Let winds, the breathing creatures of the skies,
Call in each vigorous gale, that roving flies
By land or sea; then one loud triumph raise,
And all their blasts employ in songs of praise.

While painted herald-birds thy deeds proclaim,
And on their spreading wings convey thy fame;
Let eagles, which in heaven's blue concave soar,
Scornful of earth, superior seats explore,
And rise with breasts erect against the sun;
Be ministers to bear thy bright renown,
And carry ardent praises to thy throne.

Ye fish, assume a voice; with praises fill
The hollow rock, and loud reactive hill.
Let lions with their roar their thanks express,
With acclamations shake the wilderness.
Let thunder clouds, that float from pole to pole,
With salvos loud salute thee as they roll.
Ye monsters of the sea, ye noisy waves,
Strike with applause the repercussive caves.
Let hail and rain, let meteors form'd of fire,
And lambent flames, in this blest work conspire.
Let the high cedar and the mountain pine
Lowly to thee, great King, their heads incline.
Let every spicy odoriferous tree
Present its incense and its balm to thee.

And thou, Heaven's viceroy o'er this world below,
In this blest task superior ardour shew:

To view thyself, inflect thy reason's ray,
Nature's replenish'd theatre survey;
Then all on fire the Author's skill adore,
And in loud songs extol Creating Power.
Degenerate minds, in mazy error lost,
May combat Heaven, and impious triumphs boast;
But, while my veins feel animating fires,
And vital air this breathing breast inspires,
Grateful to Heaven, I'll stretch a pious wing,
And sing His praise, who gave me power to sing.

FENTON.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

Happy the man who all his days does pass
In the paternal cottage of his race;
Where first his trembling infant steps he tried,
Which now supports his age, and once his youth employ'd.
This was the cottage his forefathers knew,
It saw his birth, shall see his burial too;
Unequal fortunes and ambition's fate
Are things experience never taught him yet.
Him to strange lands no rambling humour bore,
Nor breath'd he ever any air but of his native shore.
Free from all anxious interests of trade,
No storms at sea have e'er disturb'd his head:

He never battle's wild confusions saw,
Nor heard the worse confusions of the law.
A stranger to the town and town-employs,
Their dark and crowded streets, their stink and noise,
He a more calm and brighter sky enjoys.
Nor does the year by change of consuls know,
The year his fruit's returning seasons shew :
Quarters and months in Nature's face he sees,
In flowers the Spring, and Autumn on his trees.
The whole day's shadows, in his homestead drawn,
Point out the hourly courses of the sun.
Grown old with him, a grove adorns his field,
Whose tender sets his infancy beheld.
Of distant India, Erythræan shores,
Benacus' lake, Verona's neighbouring towers,
(Alike unseen), from common fame has heard,
Alike believes them, and with like regard.
Yet, firm and strong, his grandchildren admire
The health and vigour of their brawny sire.
The spacious globe let those that will survey,
This good old man, content at home to stay,
More happy years shall know, more leagues and
countries they.

GAY.

THE SPELL.

HOBNELIA.

Hobnelia, seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehearsed her piteous tale;
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining Echo answers groan for groan.
I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woful day, a day indeed of woe!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he happ'd to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin, these ditties hear;
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.

'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'
When first the year I heard the cuckoo sing,
And call with welcome note the budding spring,
I straightway set a-running with such haste,
Deborah that won the smock scarce ran so fast;
Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown,
Then doff'd my shoe, and by my troth I swear,
Therein I spied this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'
At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought:
I scatter'd round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cried,
'This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow.'
I straight look'd back, and, if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'
Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find;
I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away;
A-field I went, amid the morning dew
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do);
Thee first I spied; and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune, shall our true-love be.
See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take;
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?

'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail,
That might my secret lover's name reveal.
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found
(For always snails near sweetest fruit abound).
I seized the vermin, whom I quickly sped,
And on the earth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawl'd the snail, and, if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious *L* ;
Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!
For *L* is found in Lubberkin and Love.

'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name ;
This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,
That in a flame of brightest colour blazed.
As blazed the nut, so may thy passion grow ;
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

As peasecods once I pluck'd, I chanced to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
Which when I cropp'd I safely home convey'd :
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid ;
My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch moved up, when, who should first come in,
But, in his proper person, — Lubberkin.

I broke my yarn, surprised the sight to see;
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted slight:
So may again his love with mine unite!
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'
This Lady-fly I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass,
'Fly, Lady-bird, North, South, or East, or West,
Fly where the man is found that I love best.'
He leaves my hand; see, to the West he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless town.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'
I pare this pippin round and round again,
My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain,
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect *L* is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer *L* is seen
Than what the paring makes upon the green.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'
This pippin shall another trial make,
See, from the core two kernels brown I take;
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn;
And Boobyclod on t' other side is borne.
But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love 's unsound;
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last:
Oh were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!

'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee.
He wist not when the hempen string I drew.
Now mine I quickly doff, of inkle blue.
Together fast I tie the garters twain;
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain:
'Three times a true-love's knot I tie secure,
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure!'
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

As I was wont, I trudged last market-day
To town, with new-laid eggs preserved in hay.
I made my market long before 'twas night,
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.
Straight to the 'pothecary's shop I went,
And in love-powder all my money spent.
Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers,
When to the ale-house Lubberkin repairs,
These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.
He comes! he comes! Hobnelia 's not bewray'd,
Nor shall she crown'd with willow die a maid.
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown:
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

AN ELEGY ON A LAP-DOG.

Shock's fate I mourn; poor Shock is now no more;
Ye Muses, mourn; ye chambermaids, deplore.
Unhappy Shock! yet more unhappy Fair,
Doom'd to survive thy joy and only care!
Thy wretched fingers now no more shall deck,
And tie the favourite ribbon round his neck;
No more thy hand shall smooth his glossy hair,
And comb the wavings of his pendent ear.
Yet cease thy flowing grief, forsaken maid;
All mortal pleasures in a moment fade;
Our surest hope is in an hour destroy'd;
And love, best gift of Heaven, not long enjoy'd.
Methinks I see her frantic with despair,
Her streaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing hair;
Her Mechlin pinners, rent, the floor bestrew,
And her torn fan gives real signs of woe.
Hence Superstition, that tormenting guest,
That haunts with fancied fears the coward breast;
No dread events upon this fate attend,
Stream eyes no more, no more thy tresses rend.
Though certain omens oft forewarn a state,
And dying lions shew the monarch's fate;
Why should such fears bid Cælia's sorrow rise?
For, when a lap-dog falls, no lover dies.
Cease, Cælia, cease; restrain thy flowing tears,
Some warmer passion will dispel thy cares:
In man you'll find a more substantial bliss,
More grateful toying, and a sweeter kiss.
He 's dead. Oh lay him gently in the ground!
And may his tomb be by this verse renown'd:
'Here Shock, the pride of all his kind, is laid:
Who fawn'd like man, but ne'er like man betray'd.'

A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

Ere the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert: and when the subterraneous flame
Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,
From angry heaven when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
Thou still shalt be; still as thou wert before,
And know no change, when Time shall be no more.
O endless thought! divine Eternity!
Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee;
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.
Ah! what is life? with ills encompass'd round,
Amidst our hopes, Fate strikes the sudden wound:
To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow Death destroys his airy schemes;
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confined?
Think all that treasure thou must leave behind;
Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd hearse,
And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man?
The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity.
For, while the boundless theme extends our thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

BOOTH.

SONG.

Sweet are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle-dove,
Gentle as air when Zephyr blows,
Refreshing as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes, and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun;
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon;
From every other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues;
Sweet Philomel, in shady bowers
Of verdant spring, her note renews;
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
And vary as the seasons rise;
As winter to the spring gives place,
Summer th' approach of autumn flies:
No change on love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring Time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;

And marble towers, and gates of brass,
In his rude march he levels low:
But Time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,
The gentle godhead can remove;
And drive him from the bleeding heart
To mingle with the bless'd above,
Where, known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the soul,
Twin-born, from heaven together came:
Love will the universe control,
When dying seasons lose their name;
Divine abodes shall own his power
When time and death shall be no more.

LANSDOWNE.

ODE ON THE PRESENT CORRUPTION OF MANKIND.

I.

O Falkland! offspring of a generous race,
Renown'd for arms and arts, in war and peace,
My kinsman, and my friend! from whence this curse
Entail'd on man, still to grow worse and worse

II.

Each age industrious to invent new crimes,
Strives to outdo in guilt preceding times;
But now we 're so improved in all that 's bad,
We shall leave nothing for our sons to add.

III.

That idol, gold, possesses every heart,
To cheat, defraud, and undermine, is art;
Virtue is folly; conscience is a jest;
Religion gain, or priestcraft at the best.

IV.

Friendship 's a cloak to hide some treacherous end,
Your greatest foe, is your professing friend;
The soul resign'd, unguarded, and secure,
The wound is deepest, and the stroke most sure.

V.

Justice is bought and sold; the Bench, the Bar
Plead and decide; but gold 's th' interpreter.
Pernicious metal! thrice accurst be he
Who found thee first; all evils spring from thee.

VI.

Sires sell their sons, and sons their sires betray;
And senates vote, as armies fight, for pay;
The wife no longer is restrain'd by shame,
But has the husband's leave to play the game.

VII.

Diseased, decrepit, from the mix'd embrace
Succeeds, of spurious mould, a puny race;
From such defenders what can Britain hope?
And where, O Liberty! is now thy prop?

VIII.

Not such the men who bent the stubborn bow,
And learn'd in rugged sports to dare a foe:
Not such the men who fill'd with heaps of slain
Famed Agincourt and Cressy's bloody plain.

IX.

Haughty Britannia then, inured to toil,
Spread far and near the terrors of her isle;
True to herself, and to the public weal,
No Gallic gold could blunt the British steel.

X.

Not much unlike, when thou in arms wert seen,
Eager for glory on th' embattled green,
When Stanhope led thee through the heats of Spain
To die in purple Almanara's plain.

XI.

The rescued Empire, and the Gaul subdued,
In Anna's reign, our ancient fame renew'd:
What Britons could, when justly roused to war,
Let Blenheim speak, and witness Gibraltar.

YALDEN.

—

AGAINST IMMODERATE GRIEF.

TO A YOUNG LADY WEEPING.

AN ODE IN IMITATION OF CASIMIRE.

I.

Could mournful sighs, or floods of tears, prevent
The ills unhappy men lament:
Could all the anguish of my mind
Remove my cares, or make but Fortune kind;

Soon I'd the grateful tribute pay,
And weep my troubled thoughts away:
To wealth and pleasure every sigh prefer,
And more than gems esteem each falling tear.

II.

But, since insulting cares are most inclined
To triumph o'er th' afflicted mind;
Since sighs can yield us no relief,
And tears, like fruitful showers, but nourish grief;
Then cease, fair mourner, to complain,
Nor lavish such bright streams in vain:
But still with cheerful thoughts thy cares beguile,
And tempt thy better fortunes with a smile.

III.

The generous mind is by its sufferings known,
Which no affliction tramples down;
But when oppress'd will upward move,
Spurn down its clog of cares, and soar above.
Thus the young royal eagle tries
On the sun-beams his tender eyes,
And, if he shrinks not at th' offensive light,
He's then for empire fit, and takes his soaring flight.

IV.

Though cares assault thy breast on every side,
Yet bravely stem th' impetuous tide:
No tributary tears to fortune pay,
Nor add to any loss a nobler day;
But with kind hopes support thy mind,
And think thy better lot behind:
Amidst afflictions let thy soul be great,
And shew thou dar'st deserve a better state.

V.

Then, lovely mourner, wipe those tears away,
And cares that urge thee to decay;
Like ravenous age thy charms they waste,
Wrinkle thy youthful brow, and blooming beauties blast.
But keep thy looks and mind serene,
All gay without, all calm within;
For fate is awed, and adverse fortunes fly
A cheerful look, and an unconquer'd eye.

HYMN TO THE MORNING.

IN PRAISE OF LIGHT.

I.

Parent of Day! whose beauteous beams of light
Spring from the darksome womb of night,
And 'midst their native horrors shew,
Like gems adorning of the Negro's brow:
Not heaven's fair bow can equal thee,
In all its gaudy drapery;
Thou first essay of light, and pledge of day!
That usher'st in the sun, and still prepar'st its way.

II.

Rival of shade, eternal spring of light!
Thou art the genuine source of it:
From thy bright unexhausted womb
The beauteous race of days and seasons come.
Thy beauty ages cannot wrong,
But, spite of time, thou 'rt ever young:

Thou art alone heaven's modest virgin light,
Whose face a veil of blushes hides from human sight.

III.

Like some fair bride thou risest from thy bed,
And dost around thy lustre spread;
Around the universe dispense
New life to all, and quickening influence.
With gloomy smiles thy rival Night
Beholds thy glorious dawn of light:
Not all the wealth she views in mines below
Can match thy brighter beams, or equal lustre shew.

IV.

At thy approach, Nature erects her head,
The smiling universe is glad;
The drowsy earth and seas awake,
And, from thy beams, new life and vigour take:
When thy more cheerful rays appear
E'en guilt and women cease to fear:
Horror, Despair, and all the sons of Night,
Retire before thy beams, and take their hasty flight.

V.

To thee, the grateful east their altars raise,
And sing with early hymns thy praise;
Thou dost their happy soil bestow,
Enrich the heavens above, and earth below:
Thou risest in the fragrant east,
Like the fair Phœnix from her balmy nest:
No altar of the gods can equal thine,
The air's thy richest incense, the whole land thy shrine!

VI.

But yet, thy fading glories soon decay:
Thine 's but a momentary stay;

Too soon thou 'rt ravish'd from our sight,
Borne down the stream of day, and overwhelm'd
with light.
Thy beams to their own ruin haste,
They 're framed too exquisite to last:
Thine is a glorious, but a short-lived state.
Pity so fair a birth should yield so soon to Fate!

VII.

Before th' Almighty artist framed the sky,
Or gave the earth its harmony,
His first command was for thy light;
He view'd the lovely birth, and blessed it:
In purple swaddling-bands it struggling lay,
Not yet maturely bright for day:
Old Chaos then a cheerful smile put on,
And, from thy beauteous form, did first presage its
own.

VIII.

'Let there be light!' the great Creator said,
His word the active child obey'd:
Night did her teeming womb disclose;
And then the blushing Morn, its brightest offspring,
rose.
Awhile th' Almighty wondering view'd,
And then himself pronounced it good:
'With Night,' said he, 'divide th' imperial sway;
Thou my first labour art, and thou shalt bless the
Day.'

HYMN TO DARKNESS.

I.

Darkness, thou first great parent of us all,
Thou art our great original:
Since from thy universal womb
Does all thou shad'st below, thy numerous offspring, come.

II.

Thy wondrous birth is e'en to Time unknown,
Or, like Eternity, thou'dst none;
Whilst Light did its first being owe
Unto that awful shade it dares to rival now.

III.

Say, in what distant region dost thou dwell,
To reason inaccessible?
From form and duller matter free,
Thou soar'st above the reach of man's philosophy.

IV.

Involved in thee, we first receive our breath,
Thou art our refuge too in death:
Great monarch of the grave and womb,
Where'er our souls shall go, to thee our bodies come.

V.

The silent globe is struck with awful fear,
When thy majestic shades appear:
Thou dost compose the air and sea,
And earth a sabbath keeps, sacred to rest and thee.

VI.

In thy serener shades our ghosts delight,
And court the umbrage of the Night;

In vaults and gloomy caves they stray,
But fly the Morning's beams, and sicken at the Day.

VII.

Though solid bodies dare exclude the light,
Nor will the brightest ray admit;
No substance can thy force repel,
Thou reign'st in depths below, dost in the centre dwell.

VIII.

The sparkling gems, and ore in mines below,
To thee their beauteous lustre owe;
Though form'd within the womb of Night,
Bright as their sire they shine, with native rays of light.

IX.

When thou dost raise thy venerable head,
And art in genuine Night array'd,
Thy Negro beauties then delight;
Beauties, like polish'd jet, with their own darkness bright.

X.

Thou dost thy smiles impartially bestow,
And know'st no difference here below:
All things appear the same by thee,
Though Light distinction makes, thou giv'st equality.

XI.

Calm as the bless'd above the Anchorites dwell,
Within their peaceful gloomy cell.
Their minds with heavenly joys are fill'd;
The pleasures Light denies, thy shades for ever yield.

XII.

In caves of Night, the oracles of old
Did all their mysteries unfold:

Darkness did first religion grace,
Gave terrors to the God, and reverence to the place.

XIII.

When the Almighty did on Horeb stand,
Thy shades enclosed the hallow'd land:
In clouds of Night he was array'd,
And venerable Darkness his pavilion made.

XIV.

When he appear'd arm'd in his power and might,
He veil'd the beatific light;
When, terrible with majesty,
In tempests he gave laws, and clad himself in thee.

XV.

Ere the foundation of the earth was laid,
Or brighter firmament was made:
Ere matter, time, or place, was known,
Thou, Monarch Darkness, sway'dst these spacious realms alone.

XVI.

But, now the Moon (though gay with borrow'd light)
Invades thy scanty lot of Night:
By rebel subjects thou 'rt betray'd,
The anarchy of Stars depose their monarch Shade.

XVII.

Yet fading Light its empire must resign,
And Nature's power submit to thine:
A universal ruin shall erect thy throne,
And Fate confirm thy kingdom evermore thy own.

TICKELL.

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires?
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid;
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy loved Montague.
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.

If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue;
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles shew
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood:
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints who taught, and led, the way to heaven;
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbodied mind;
A winged Virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well-suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!

When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form, which, so the heavens decree,
Must still be loved and still deplored by me,
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, roused by Fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or raised some serious song;
There patient shew'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however Fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing;
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
O! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song?

These works divine, which on his death-bed laid
To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd, monument of fame,
Nor he survived to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Bless'd pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell,
Farewell! whom, join'd in fame, in friendship tried,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

COLIN AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face:
Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound:
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

'I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand, you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die:
Was I to blame, because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I?

Ah, Colin, give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone:
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow, in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare!
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there!

Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
This bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.'
She spoke, she died, her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts?
How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah, bride no more!
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave, the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green;
But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

TO A LADY;

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHŒNIX.

Lavish of wit, and bold, appear the lines,
Where Claudian's genius in the Phœnix shines;
A thousand ways each brilliant point is turn'd,
And the gay poem, like its theme, adorn'd:
A tale more strange ne'er graced the poet's art,
Nor e'er did fiction play so wild a part.
Each fabled charm in matchless Celia meets,
The heavenly colours, and ambrosial sweets;
Her virgin bosom chaster fires supplies,
And beams more piercing guard her kindred eyes.
O'erflowing wit th' imagined wonder drew,
But fertile fancy ne'er can reach the true.
Now buds your youth, your cheeks their bloom disclose,
Th' untainted lily, and unfolding rose;
Ease in your mien, and sweetness in your face,
You speak a Syren, and you move a Grace;
Nor time shall urge these beauties to decay,
While virtue gives what years shall steal away:
The fair, whose youth can boast the worth of age,
In age shall with the charms of youth engage;
In every change still lovely, still the same,
A fairer Phœnix in a purer flame.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHŒNIX.

FROM CLAUDIAN.

In utmost ocean lies a lovely isle,
Where spring still blooms, and greens for ever smile,
Which sees the sun put on his first array,
And hears his panting steeds bring on the day;
When, from the deep, they rush with rapid force,
And whirl aloft, to run their glorious course;
When first appear the ruddy streaks of light,
And glimmering beams dispel the parting light.
In these soft shades, unpress'd by human feet,
The happy Phœnix keeps his balmy seat,
Far from the world disjoin'd; he reigns alone,
Alike the empire and its king unknown.
A god-like bird! whose endless round of years
Out-lasts the stars, and tires the circling spheres;
Not used like vulgar birds to eat his fill,
Or drink the crystal of the murmuring rill;
But fed with warmth from Titan's purer ray,
And slaked by streams which eastern seas convey;
Still he renews his life in these abodes,
Contemns the power of fate, and mates the gods.
His fiery eyes shoot forth a glittering ray,
And round his head ten thousand glories play;
High on his crest, a star celestial bright
Divides the darkness with its piercing light;
His legs are stain'd with purple's lively dye,
His azure wings the fleeting winds out-fly;
Soft plumes of cheerful blue his limbs infold,
Enrich'd with spangles, and bedropp'd with gold.

Begot by none himself, begetting none,
Sire of himself he is, and of himself the son;
His life in fruitful death renews his date,
And kind destruction but prolongs his fate:
Ev'n in the grave new strength his limbs receive,
And on the funeral pile begin to live.
For when a thousand times the summer sun
His bending race has on the zodiac run,
And when as oft the vernal signs have roll'd,
As oft the wintery brought the numbing cold;
Then drops the bird, worn out with aged cares,
And bends beneath the mighty load of years.
So falls the stately pine, that proudly grew,
The shade and glory of the mountain's brow;
When, pierced by blasts, and spouting clouds o'er-spread,
It, slowly sinking, nods its tottering head,
Part dies by winds, and part by sickly rains,
And wasting age destroys the poor remains.
Then, as the silver empress of the night,
O'er-clouded, glimmers in a fainter light,
So, froz'n with age, and shut from light's supplies,
In lazy rounds scarce roll his feeble eyes,
And those fleet wings, for strength and speed renown'd,
Scarce rear th' inactive lumber from the ground.
Mysterious arts a second time create
The bird, prophetic of approaching fate.
Piled on a heap Sabæan herbs he lays,
Parch'd by his sire the sun's intensest rays;
The pile design'd to form his funeral scene
He wraps in covers of a fragrant green,
And bids his spicy heap at once become
A grave destructive, and a teeming womb.

On the rich bed the dying wonder lies,
Imploring Phœbus with persuasive cries,
To dart upon him in collected rays,
And new-create him in a deadly blaze.
The god beholds the suppliant from afar,
And stops the progress of his heavenly car.
'O thou,' says he, 'whom harmless fires shall burn,
Thy age the flame to second youth shall turn,
An infant's cradle is thy funeral urn.
Thou, on whom heaven has fix'd th' ambiguous doom
To live by ruin, and by death to bloom,
Thy life, thy strength, thy lovely form renew,
And with fresh beauties doubly charm the view.
Thus speaking, 'midst the aromatic bed
A golden beam he tosses from his head;
Swift as desire, the shining ruin flies,
And straight devours the willing sacrifice,
Who hastes to perish in the fertile fire,
Sink into strength, and into life expire.
In flames the circling odours mount on high,
Perfume the air, and glitter in the sky,
The moon and stars, amazed, retard their flight,
And nature startles at the doubtful sight;
For, whilst the pregnant urn with fury glows,
The goddess labours with a mother's throes,
Yet joys to cherish, in the friendly flames,
The noblest product of the skill she claims.
Th' enlivening dust its head begins to rear,
And on the ashes sprouting plumes appear;
In the dead bird reviving vigour reigns,
And life returning revels in his veins:
A new-born Phœnix starting from the flame,
Obtains at once a son's and father's name;

And the great change of double life displays,
In the short moment of one transient blaze.
On his new pinions to the Nile he bends,
And to the gods his parent urn commends,
To Egypt bearing, with majestic pride,
The balmy nest, where first he lived and died.
Birds of all kinds admire th' unusual sight,
And grace the triumph of his infant flight;
In crowds unnumber'd round their chief they fly,
Oppress the air, and cloud the spacious sky;
Nor dares the fiercest of the winged race
Obstruct his journey through th' ethereal space;
The hawk and eagle useless wars forbear,
Forego their courage, and consent to fear;
The feather'd nations humble homage bring,
And bless the gaudy flight of their ambrosial king.
Less glittering pomp does Parthia's monarch yield,
Commanding legions to the dusty field;
Though sparkling jewels on his helm abound,
And royal gold his awful head surround;
Though rich embroidery paint his purple vest,
And his steed bound in costly trappings drest,
Pleased in the battle's dreadful van to ride,
In graceful grandeur, and imperial pride.
Famed for the worship of the sun, there stands
A sacred fane in Egypt's fruitful lands,
Hewn from the Theban mountain's rocky womb
A hundred columns rear the marble dome;
Hither, 'tis said, he brings the precious load,
A grateful offering to the beamy god;
Upon whose altar's consecrated blaze
The seeds and relicks of himself he lays,
Whence flaming incense makes the temple shine,
And the glad altars breathe perfumes divine.

The wafted smell to far Pelusium flies,
To cheer old Ocean, and enrich the skies,
With nectar's sweets to make the nations smile,
And scent the seven-fold channels of the Nile.
Thrice happy Phœnix! heaven's peculiar care
Has made thyself thyself's surviving heir;
By death thy deathless vigour is supplied,
Which sinks to ruin all the world beside;
Thy age, not thee, assisting Phœbus burns,
And vital flames light up thy funeral urns.
Whate'er events have been, thy eyes survey,
And thou art fix'd, while ages roll away;
Thou saw'st when raging Ocean burst his bed,
O'er-topp'd the mountains, and the earth o'er-spread;
When the rash youth inflamed the high abodes,
Scorch'd up the skies, and scared the deathless gods.
When nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
Nor second Chaos bound thy endless reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
Baffle destruction, and elude the grave.

H. Corbould. J. Romney

The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou art named.
Gray.

BLAIR.

THE GRAVE.

. . . . . THE Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt named: Nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried its beams
Athwart the gloom profound! The sickly taper
By glimmering through thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime,
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as Fame reports),
Embodied thick perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.—
Tell us, ye dead! will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
O! that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death: 'twas kindly done,
To knock and give th' alarum. But what means
This stinted charity? 'tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws

Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more;
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves: well, 'tis no matter:
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.
Death's shafts fly thick! Here falls the village swain,
And there his pamper'd lord! The cup goes round,
And who so artful as to put it by?
'Tis long since Death had the majority;
Yet, strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors! scarce a scull 's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand
The sot has walk'd with Death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale; when drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds not
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.
On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Could scarce have leisure for; fools that we are!
Never to think of Death and of ourselves
At the same time: as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish!

For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood,
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
The very first swoln surge shall sweep us in.
Think we or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with Death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones?
The very turf on which we tread once lived;
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring; in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet,
The shivering Icelander, and sun-burnt Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before,
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
The great negociators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts:
Now vain their treaty skill! Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders; and when the cruel tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,

Time out of mind the favourite seats of love,
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-robed prelate, and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant; here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch:
Here is the mother with her sons and daughters;
The barren wife; the long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smiled like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclosed. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose every day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth: the shrill-tongued shrew,
Meek as the turtle dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane;
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean;
The supple statesman and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

SOMERVILE.

A FOX HUNT.

. . . . . Ere yet the morning peep,
Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouse thy bold compeers. Then to the copse,
Thick with entangling grass, or prickly furze,
With silence lead thy many-coloured hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range
Dispersed, how busily this way, and that,
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear

Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth.
As straggling armies, at the trumpet's voice,
Press to their standard; hither all repair,
And hurry through the woods; with hasty step
Rustling, and full of hope; now driven on heaps
They push, they strive; while from his kennel sneaks
The conscious villain. See! he skulks along,
Sleek at the shepherd's cost, and plump with meals
Purloin'd. So thrive the wicked here below.
Though high his brush he bear, though tipp'd with white
It gaily shine; yet ere the sun declined
Recall the shades of night, the pamper'd rogue
Shall rue his fate reversed; and at his heels
Behold the just avenger, swift to seize
His forfeit head, and thirsting for his blood.
And now
In vain each earth he tries, the doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the covert safe;
He pants for purer air. Hark! what loud shouts
Re-echo through the groves! he breaks away.
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,
Now give a loose to the clean generous steed;
Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur;
But, in the madness of delight, forget
Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our course; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the stream
In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the ditch
Wide gaping threatens death. The craggy steep,
Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
And clings to every twig, gives us no pain;

But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,
By the swift motion slung, we mount aloft:
So ships in winter-seas now sliding sink
Adown the steepy wave, then toss'd on high
Ride on the billows, and defy the storm.
What lengths we pass! where will the wandering chase
Lead us bewilder'd! smooth as swallows skim
The new-shorn mead, and far more swift, we fly.
See my brave pack; how to the head they press,
Jostling in close array, then more diffuse
Obliquely wheel, while from their opening mouths
The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes
Their annual voyage steer, with wanton wing
Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang
From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
The hunter-crew, wide-straggling o'er the plain!
The panting courser now with trembling nerves
Begins to reel; urged by the goring spur,
Makes many a faint effort: he snorts, he foams,
The big round drops run trickling down his sides,
With sweat and blood distain'd. Look back and view
The strange confusion of the vale below,
Where sour vexation reigns; see yon poor jade,
In vain th' impatient rider frets and swears;
With galling spurs harrows his mangled sides;
He can no more: his stiff unpliant limbs
Rooted in earth, unmoved and fix'd he stands,
For every cruel curse returns a groan,
And sobs, and faints, and dies. Who without grief
Can view that pamper'd steed, his master's joy,
His minion, and his daily care, well cloth'd,
Well fed with every nicer cate; no cost,

No labour spared; who, when the flying chase
Broke from the copse, without a rival led
The numerous train: now a sad spectacle
Of pride brought low, and humble insolence,
Drove like a pannier'd ass, and scourged along.
While these, with loosen'd reins and dangling heels,
Hang on their reeling palfreys, that scarce bear
Their weights: another in the treacherous bog
Lies floundering half ingulf'd. What biting thoughts
Torment th' abandon'd crew! Old age laments
His vigour spent: the tall, plump, brawny youth
Curses his cumberous bulk; and envies now
The short pygmean race, he whilom kenn'd
With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
Their pleasing toils. Here, huntsman, from this height
Observe yon birds of prey; if I can judge,
'Tis there the villain lurks: they hover round
And claim him as their own. Was I not right?
See! there he creeps along; his brush he drags,
And sweeps the mire impure; from his wide jaws
His tongue unmoisten'd hangs; symptoms too sure
Of sudden death. Ha! yet he flies, nor yields
To black despair. But one loose more, and all
His wiles are vain. Hark! through yon village now
The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
And leafless elms, return the joyous sounds.
Through every homestall, and through every yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies;
Through every hole he sneaks, through every jakes
Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a superior stench to lose his own:
But, faithful to the track, th' unerring hounds
With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue.

And now distress'd, no sheltering covert near,
Into the hen-roost creeps, whose walls with gore
Distain'd attest his guilt. There, villain, there
Expect thy fate deserved. And soon from thence
The pack inquisitive, with clamour loud,
Drag out their trembling prize; and on his blood
With greedy transport feast. In bolder notes
Each sounding horn proclaims the felon dead:
And all th' assembled village shouts for joy.
The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe
Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
And grateful calls us to a short repast:
In the full glass the liquid amber smiles,
Our native product. And his good old mate
With choicest viands heaps the liberal board,
To crown our triumphs, and reward our toils.

THE TWO SPRINGS.

Two sister springs, from the same parent hill,
  Born on the same propitious day,
  Through the cleft rock distil:
Adown the reverend mountain's side,
  Through groves of myrtle glide,
Or through the violet beds obliquely stray.
  The laurel, each proud victor's crown,
  From them receives her high renown,
    From them the curling vine
  Her clusters big with racy wine,
To them her oil the peaceful olive owes,
  And her vermilion blush the rose.

The gracious streams in smooth meanders flow,
To every thirsty root dispense
Their kindly cooling influence,
And Paradise adorns the mountain's brow.

But oh! the sad effect of pride!
These happy twins at last divide.
'Sister' (exclaims th' ambitious spring),
'What profit do these labours bring?
Always to give, and never to enjoy,
A fruitless and a mean employ!
Stay here inglorious if you please,
And loiter out a life of indolence and ease:
Go, humble drudge, each thistle rear,
And nurse each shrub, your daily care,
While, pouring down from this my lofty source,
I deluge all the plain,
No dams shall stop my course,
And rocks oppose in vain.
See where my foaming billows flow,
Above the hills my waves aspire,
The shepherds and their flocks retire,
And tallest cedars as they pass in sign of homage bow.
To me each tributary spring
Its supplemental stores shall bring,
With me the rivers shall unite,
The lakes beneath my banners fight,
Till the proud Danube and the Rhine
Shall own their fame eclipsed by mine;
Both gods and men shall dread my watery sway,
Nor these in cities safe, nor in their temples they.'

Away the haughty boaster flew
Scarce bade her sister stream a cool adieu,

Her waves grow turbulent and bold,
Not gently murmuring as of old,
But roughly dash against the shore,
And toss their spumy heads, and proudly roar.
The careful farmer with surprise,
Sees the tumultuous torrent rise;
With busy looks the rustic band appear,
To guard their growing hopes, the promise of the year.
All hands unite, with dams they bound
The rash rebellious stream around:
In vain she foams, in vain she raves,
In vain she curls her feeble waves,
Besieged at last on every side,
Her source exhausted and her channel dried,
(Such is the fate of impotence and pride!)
A shallow pond she stands confined,
The refuge of the croaking kind.
Rushes and sags, an inbred foe,
Choke up the muddy pool below;
The tyrant sun on high
Exacts his usual subsidy;
And the poor pittance that remains,
Each gaping cranny drains.
Too late the fool repents her haughty boast,
A nameless nothing, in oblivion lost.

Her sister spring, benevolent and kind,
With joy sees all around her blest,
The good she does, into her generous mind
Returns again with interest.
The farmer oft invokes her aid
When Sirius nips the tender blade;
Her streams a sure elixir bring,
Gay plenty decks the fields, and a perpetual spring.

Where'er the gardener smooths her easy way,
Her ductile streams obey.
Courteous she visits every bed,
Narcissus rears his drooping head,
By her diffusive bounty fed.
Revived from her indulgent urn,
Sad Hyacinth forgets to mourn ;
Rich in the blessings she bestows,
All nature smiles where'er she flows.
Enamour'd with a nymph so fair,
See where the River Gods appear :
A nymph so eminently good,
The joy of all the neighbourhood,
They clasp her in their liquid arms,
And riot in th' abundance of her charms.
Like old Alpheus fond, their wanton streams they join'd,
Like Arethusa she, as lovely, and as kind.
Now swell'd into a mighty flood,
Her channel deep and wide,
Still she persists in doing good,
Her bounty flows with every tide.
A thousand rivulets in her train
With fertile waves enrich the plain :
The scaly herd, a numerous throng,
Beneath her silver billows glide along,
Whose still-increasing shoals supply
The poor man's wants, the great one's luxury :
Here all the feather'd troops retreat,
Securely ply their oary feet,
Upon her floating herbage gaze,
And with their tuneful notes resound her praise.
Here flocks and herds in safety feed,
And fatten in each flowery mead :

No beasts of prey appear
The watchful shepherd to beguile,
No monsters of the deep inhabit here,
Nor the voracious shark, nor wily crocodile;
But Delia and her nymphs, chaste sylvan queen,
By mortals' prying eyes unseen,
Bathe in her flood, and sport upon her borders green.
Here merchants, careful of their store,
By angry billows toss'd,
Anchor secure beneath her shore,
And bless the friendly coast.
Soon mighty fleets in all their pride
Triumphant on her surface ride:
The busy trader on her banks appears,
A hundred different tongues she hears.
At last, with wonder and surprise,
She sees a stately city rise;
With joy the happy flood admires
The lofty domes, the pointed spires;
The porticos, magnificently great,
Where all the crowding nations meet;
The bridges that adorn her brow,
From bank to bank their ample arches stride,
Through which her curling waves in triumph glide,
And in melodious murmurs flow.
Now grown a port of high renown,
The treasure of the world her own,
Both Indies with their precious stores,
Pay yearly tribute to her shores.
Honour'd by all, a rich, well-peopled stream,
Nor father Thames himself of more esteem.

MORAL.

The power of kings (if rightly understood)
Is but a grant from heaven of doing good;

Proud tyrants, who maliciously destroy,
And ride o'er ruins with malignant joy;
Humbled in dust, soon to their cost shall know
Heaven our avenger, and mankind their foe;
While gracious monarchs reap the good they sow:
Blessing, are bless'd; far spreads their just renown,
Consenting nations their dominion own,
And joyful happy crowds support their throne.
In vain the powers of earth and hell combine,
Each guardian angel shall protect that line,
Who by their virtues prove their right divine.

SWIFT.

THE SOUTH-SEA PROJECT.

Ye wise philosophers, explain
What magic makes our money rise,
When dropp'd into the Southern main;
Or do these jugglers cheat our eyes?

Put in your money fairly told;
Presto! be gone—'Tis here again:
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
Here 's every piece as big as ten.

Thus in a bason drop a shilling,
Then fill the vessel to the brim;
You shall observe, as you are filling,
The ponderous metal seems to swim.

It rises both in bulk and height,
Behold it swelling like a sop;
The liquid medium cheats your sight;
Behold it mounted to the top!

In stock three hundred thousand pound;
I have in view a lord's estate;
My manors all contiguous round;
A coach and six, and served in plate!

Thus, the deluded bankrupt raves;
Puts all upon a desperate bet;
Then plunges in the Southern waves,
Dipp'd over head and ears—in debt.

So, by a calenture misled,
The mariner with rapture sees,
On the smooth ocean's azure bed,
Enamell'd fields and verdant trees:

With eager haste he longs to rove
In that fantastic scene, and thinks
It must be some enchanted grove;
And *in* he leaps, and *down* he sinks.

Five hundred chariots, just bespoke,
Are sunk in these devouring waves,
The horses drown'd, the harness broke,
And here the owners find their graves.

Like Pharaoh, by *directors* led;
They with their spoils went safe before;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
Lay shatter'd on the *Red Sea* shore.

Raised up on Hope's aspiring plumes,
The young adventurer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and state assumes,
And scorns the middle way to keep.

On *paper* wings he takes his flight,
With *wax* the *father* bound them fast;
The wax is melted by the height,
And down the towering boy is cast.

A moralist might here explain
The rashness of the Cretan youth;
Describe his fall into the main,
And from a fable form a truth.

His *wings* are his *paternal rent*,
He melts the *wax* at every flame;
His credit sunk, his money spent,
In Southern *Seas he leaves his name.*

Inform us, you that best can tell,
Why in yon dangerous gulf profound,
Where hundreds and where thousands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the *wise* are drown'd?

So have I seen from Severn's brink
A flock of *geese* jump down together;
Swim where the bird of Jove would sink,
And, swimming, never wet a feather.

But, I affirm, 'tis false in fact,
Directors better knew their tools;
We see the nation's credit crack'd,
Each knave hath made a thousand fools.

One fool may from another win,
And then get off with money stored;
But, if a *sharper* once comes in,
He throws at all, and sweeps the board.

As fishes on each other prey,
The great ones swallowing up the small;
So fares it in the Southern Sea;
The whale *directors* eat up all.

When *stock* is high, they come between,
Making by second-hand their offers;
Then cunningly retire unseen,
With each a million in his coffers.

So, when upon a moon-shine night
An ass was drinking at a stream;
A cloud arose, and stopp'd the light,
By intercepting every beam:

The day of judgment will be soon
(Cries out a sage among the crowd);
An ass hath swallow'd up the moon!
(The moon lay safe behind a cloud.)

Each poor *subscriber* to the sea,
Sinks down at once, and there he lies,
Directors fall as well as they,
Their fall is but a trick to rise.

So fishes, rising from the main,
Can soar with moisten'd wings on high;
The moisture dried, they sink again,
And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
Come here their losses to retrieve;
Ride o'er the waves in spacious hoops,
Like Lapland witches in a sieve.

Thus Venus to the sea descends,
As poets feign; but where 's the moral?
It shews the Queen of Love intends
To search the deep for pearl and coral.

The sea is richer than the land,
I heard it from my grannam's mouth;
Which now I clearly understand,
For by the sea she meant the *South*.

Thus by *directors* we are told,
'Pray gentlemen believe your eyes;
Our ocean 's cover'd o'er with gold,
Look round and see how thick it lies:

We, gentlemen, are your assisters,
We'll come, and hold you by the chin—'
Alas! all is not gold that glisters,
Ten thousand sink by leaping in.

O! would those patriots be so kind,
Here in the deep to *wash their hands*,
Then, like Pactolus, we should find
The sea indeed had *golden sands*.

A shilling in the *bath* you fling;
The silver takes a nobler hue,
By magic virtue in the spring,
And seems a guinea to your view.

But, as a guinea will not pass
At market for a farthing more,
Shewn through a multiplying glass,
Than what it always did before:

So cast it in the *Southern* Seas,
Or view it through a *jobber's* bill;
Put on what spectacles you please,
Your guinea 's but a guinea still.

One night a fool into a brook
Thus from a hillock looking down,
The *golden stars* for guineas took,
And *silver* Cynthia for a crown.

The point he could no longer doubt;
He ran, he leap'd into the flood;
There sprawl'd awhile, and scarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with slime and mud.

'Upon the water cast thy bread,
And after many days thou 'lt find it;'
But gold upon this ocean spread
Shall sink, and leave no mark behind it.

There is a gulf, where thousands fell,
Here all the bold adventurers came,
A narrow sound, though deep as hell;
'Change-Alley is the dreadful name.

Nine times a day it ebbs and flows;
Yet he that on the surface lies,
Without a pilot seldom knows
The time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

Subscribers here by thousands float,
And jostle one another down;
Each paddling in his leaky boat;
And here they fish for gold, and drown.

'Now buried in the depth below,*
Now mounted up to heaven again,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their wits' end, like drunken men.'

Meantime secure on Garraway† cliffs,
A savage race by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead.

But these, you say, are factious lies,
From some malicious Tory's brain;
For, where *directors* get a prize,
The Swiss and Dutch whole millions drain.

Thus, when by rooks a lord is plied,
Some cully often wins a bet,
By venturing on the cheating side,
Though not into the secret let.

While some build castles in the air,
Directors build them in the seas;
Subscribers plainly see them there,
For fools will see as wise men please.

Thus oft by mariners are shewn
(Unless the men of Kent are liars)
Earl Godwin's castles overflown,
And palace-roofs, and steeple-spires.

* Ps. cvii. † A Coffee-house in Change-Alley.

Mark where the sly *directors* creep,
Nor to the shore approach too nigh!
The monsters nestle in the deep,
To seize you in your passing by.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wise,
Who, taught by instinct how to shun
The crocodile, that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could, by magic charms,
Recover strength, whene'er he fell;
Alcides held him in his arms,
And sent him *up in air* to *hell*.

Directors, thrown into the sea,
Recover strength and vigour there;
But may be tamed another way,
Suspended for a while in *air*.

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
By long experience we have found
What planet ruled when you were born;
We see you never can be drown'd.

Beware, nor over-bulky grow,
Nor come within your cully's reach;
For, if the sea should sink so low
To leave you dry upon the beach,

You 'll owe your ruin to your bulk:
Your foes already waiting stand,
To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
While you lie helpless on the sand.

Thus, when a whale has lost the tide,
The coasters crowd to seize the spoil;
The monster into parts divide,
And strip the bones, and melt the oil.

Oh! may some *western* tempest sweep
These *locusts* whom our fruits have fed,
That plague *directors* to the deep,
Driven from the *South Sea* to the *Red!*

May He whom nature's laws obey,
Who *lifts* the poor, and *sinks* the proud,
'Quiet the raging of the *sea*,
And still the madness of the crowd!'

But never shall our isle have rest,
Till those devouring *swine* run down,
(The devils leaving the possess'd),
And headlong in the *waters* drown.

The nation then too late will find,
Computing all their cost and trouble,
Directors' promises but wind,
South Sea at best a mighty *bubble*.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

IMITATED FROM THE EIGHTH BOOK OF OVID.

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter-night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother-hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguised in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wandering saints, in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village pass'd,
To a small cottage came at last!
Where dwelt a good old honest yeoman,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon;
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fried;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amazed,
And often on each other gazed!
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry,—What ar't!

Then softly turn'd aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle *pilgrims*, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errand:
Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but *saints*, the hermits said;
No hurt shall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd;
Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes.
They scarce had spoke, when, fair and soft,
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.
The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.
The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
But with the upside down, to shew
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a superior force,
Applied at bottom, stops its course:
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increased by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower:
The flier, though 't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see 't;

But, slacken'd by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's side:
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adhered;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast-meat which it cannot turn.
The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance changed,
Were now but leathern buckets ranged.
The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improved in picture, size, and letter;
And, high in order placed, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.*
A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews;

* The tribes of Israel are sometimes distinguished in country churches by the ensigns given to them by Jacob.

Which still their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.
The cottage by such feats as these
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desired their host
To ask for what he fancied most.
Philemon, having paused a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely style:
Then said, My house is grown so fine,
Methinks, I still would call it mine;
I 'm old, and fain would live at ease;
Make me the *parson*, if you please.
He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-sleeve;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assumed a sable hue;
But, being old, continued just
As thread-bare, and as full of dust.
His talk was now of *tithes* and *dues;*
He smoked his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
Against *dissenters* would repine,
And stood up firm for *right divine:*
Found his head fill'd with many a system:
But classic authors,—he ne'er miss'd 'em.
Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.

Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edged with *colberteen;*
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black satin flounced with lace.
Plain *Goody* would no longer down;
'Twas *Madam,* in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amazed to see her look so prim;
And she admired as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
Were several years this man and wife;
When on a day, which proved their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cried out,
My dear, I see your forehead sprout!
Sprout! quoth the man; what 's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous!
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too—
Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.

Description would but tire my muse;
In short, they both were turn'd to *yews.*

Old Godman Dobson of the green
Remembers, he the trees has seen;
He 'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to shew the sight:
On Sundays, after evening-prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either *yew;*
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew:

Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which 'tis hard to be believed
How much the other tree was grieved,
Grew scrubbed, died a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

The life of man to represent,
And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a *puppet-show* invent,
Where the chief actor is a fool.

The gods of old were logs of wood,
And worship was to *puppets* paid;
In antic dress the idol stood,
And priest and people bow'd the head.

No wonder then, if art began
The simple votaries to frame,
To shape in *timber* foolish man,
And consecrate the *block* to fame.

From hence poetic fancy learn'd
That trees might rise from human forms,
The body to a trunk be turn'd,
And branches issue from the arms.

Thus Dædalus, and Ovid too,
That man 's a blockhead, have confess'd;
Powel and Stretch* the hint pursue;
Life is a farce, the world a jest.

* Two famous puppet-show men.

The same great truth South Sea hath proved
On that famed theatre, the *Alley;*
Where thousands, by directors moved,
Are now sad monuments of folly.

What Momus was of old to Jove,
The same a Harlequin is now;
The former was *buffoon* above,
The latter is a Punch below.

This fleeting scene is but a stage,
Where various images appear;
In different parts of youth and age
Alike the prince and peasant share.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
False pomp conceals mere wood within;
And legislators ranged in state
Are oft but wisdom in machine.

A stock may chance to wear a crown,
And timber as a lord take place;
A statue may put on a frown,
And cheat us with a thinking face.

Others are blindly led away,
And made to act for ends unknown;
By the mere spring of wires they play,
And speak in language not their own.

Too oft, alas! a scolding wife
Usurps a jolly fellow's throne;
And many drink the cup of life,
Mix'd and embitter'd by a Joan.

In short, whatever men pursue,
Of pleasure, folly, war, or love;
This mimic race brings all to view:
Alike they dress, they talk, they move.

Go on, great Stretch, with artful hand,
Mortals to please and to deride;
And, when death breaks thy vital band,
Thou shalt put on a *puppet's* pride.

Thou shalt in puny wood be shewn,
Thy image shall preserve thy fame;
Ages to come thy worth shall own,
Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell Tom, he draws a *farce* in vain,
Before he looks in nature's glass;
Puns cannot form a witty scene,
Nor *pedantry* for humour pass.

To make men act as senseless wood,
And chatter in a mystic strain,
Is a mere force on flesh and blood,
And shews some error in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,
And turn thy stage into a school,
The jest of Punch will ever be,
And stand confess'd the greater fool.

POPE.

—

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

Say, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
Ask not the cause that I new numbers choose,
The lute neglected, and the Lyric Muse;
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tuned my heart to elegies of woe.
No more my soul a charm in music finds,
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.

No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are lost in only thine,
Ah, youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise,
Those heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
Would you with ivy wreathe your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus loved, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
Than e'en those gods contend in charms with thee.
The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
Though great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
No less renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her Loves inspire;
To me what nature has in charms denied,
Is well by wit's more lasting flames supplied.
Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspired young Perseus with a generous flame;
Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal, thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be moved:
Phaon alone by Phaon must be loved!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you centred all your joy:

No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For, oh! how vast a memory has love!
My music, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame;
Why was I born, ye gods! a Lesbian dame?
But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast
That wandering heart which I so lately lost;
Nor be with all those tempting words abused,
Those tempting words were all to Sappho used.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
And still increase the woes so soon begun?
Inured to sorrow from my tender years,
My parent's ashes drank my early tears:
An infant daughter late my griefs increased,
And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
Alas, what more could fate itself impose,
But thee, the last and greatest of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow;
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,
That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:
For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
He 's gone, whom only she desired to please!
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
Still is there cause for Sappho still to love:
So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;

Or, while my Muse in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
By charms like thine which all my soul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not—be undone?
For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn:
For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep:
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
O useful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take at least the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!
The less my sense, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu;
(At least to feign was never hard to you!)
Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have said;
Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!
No tear did you, no parting kiss, receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live.
Now by the Nine, those powers adored by me,
And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood,
Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood;

No sigh to rise, no tear had power to flow,
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound;
I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
Whose first-born infant feeds the funeral flame.
Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
O night, more pleasing than the brightest day,
When fancy gives what absence takes away,
And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreathes I twine;
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine.

* * * * * * *

Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,
Untuned my lute, and silent is my lyre;
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.
Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
No more these hands shall touch the trembling string:
My Phaon 's fled, and I those arts resign,
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair youth, and bring along
Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:

Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires;
But ah! how fiercely burn the lover's fires?
Gods! can no prayers, no sighs, no numbers, move
One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my prayers, my sighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have lost them all in air!
Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious gales
To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails?
If you return—ah why these long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
O launch thy bark, nor fear the watery plain;
Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
O launch thy bark, secure of prosperous gales:
Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
If you will fly—(yet ah! what cause can be,
Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
Ah let me seek it from the raging seas:
To raging seas unpitied I'll remove,
And either cease to live, or cease to love!

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE

Ye Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye Heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise;
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:

The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.

The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

What beckoning ghost, along the moonlight shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye Powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your bless'd abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like Eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!

See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children, fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say
(While the long funerals blacken all the way),
Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curst with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injured shade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:

There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.

So, peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
E'en he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more!

THOMSON.

LAVINIA.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day,
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.

T. Stothard, R.A. R. Graves.

LAVINIA

At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves ;
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds-up the shocks ;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen ! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think !
How good the God of harvest is to you ;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder ; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends ;
And fortune smiled, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpless years deprived of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired
Among the windings of a woody vale ;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride :
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed ;
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,

Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promised once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By strong necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes

Amusing, chanced beside his reaper train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye ;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze :
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field :
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd :—

' What pity ! that so delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,
Of old Acasto's line ; and to my mind
Recalls that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;
Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,
And once fair-spreading family, dissolved.
'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
Urged by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
His aged widow and his daughter live,
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !'

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto ; who can speak
The mingled passions that surprised his heart,
And through his nerves in shivering transport ran ?
Then blazed his smother'd flame, avow'd and bold ;

And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
Confused, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul :—
'And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
So long in vain? O, heavens! the very same,
The soften'd image of my noble friend,
Alive his every look, his every feature,
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourish'd up my fortune! say, ah where,
In what sequester'd desert hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
O let me now, into a richer soil,
Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and showers
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
Ill it befits thee, oh, it ill befits
Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill-applied to such a rugged task;
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
If to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,

That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!'
—Here ceased the youth, yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely raised.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierced with anxious thought, she pined away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amazed, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seized her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours;
Not less enraptured than the happy pair
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

A HYMN.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,

By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres:
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh, talk of him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven

Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to him; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every secret grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray
Russets the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams;
Or Winter rises in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where he vital breathes, there must be joy.
When e'en at last the solemn hour should come
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns:
From *seeming evil* still educing *good*,

And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in him, in Light ineffable;
Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise!

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

—

STELLA'S DEATH.

A PASTORAL.

Since then thou list, a mournful song I choose:
A mournful song relieves a mournful Muse.
Fast by the river on a bank he sat,
To weep the lovely maid's untimely fate,
Fair Stella hight: a lovely maid was she,
Whose fate he wept, a faithful shepherd he.

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

'O woful day! O, day of woe to me!
That ever I should live such day to see!
That ever she could die! O, most unkind,
To go and leave thy Colinet behind!
From blameless love, and plighted troth to go,
And leave to Colinet a life of woe!'

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

'And yet, why blame I her? Full fain would she
With dying arms have clasp'd herself to me:

I clasp'd her too, but death proved over-strong;
Nor vows nor tears could fleeting life prolong:
Yet how shall I from vows and tears refrain?
And why should vows, alas! and tears be vain?'

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

'Aid me to grieve, with bleating moan, my sheep,
Aid me, thou ever-flowing stream, to weep;
Aid me, ye faint, ye hollow winds, to sigh,
And thou, my woe, assist me thou to die.
Me flock nor stream, nor winds nor woes, relieve;
She loved through life, and I through life will grieve.'

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

'Ye gentler maids, companions of my fair,
With downcast look, and with dishevell'd hair,
All beat the breast, and wring your hands and moan:
Her hour, untimely, might have proved your own:
Her hour, untimely, help me to lament;
And let your hearts at Stella's name relent.'

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

'In vain th' endearing lustre of your eyes
We doat upon, and you as vainly prize.
What though your beauty bless the faithful swain,
And in th' enamour'd heart like queens ye reign;
Yet in their prime does death the fairest kill,
As ruthless winds the tender blossoms spill.'

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

'Such Stella was; yet Stella might not live!
And what could Colinet in ransom give?

Oh! if or music's voice, or beauty's charm,
Could milden death, and stay his lifted arm,
My pipe her face, her face my pipe, might save,
Redeeming each the other from the grave.'

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

'Ah, fruitless wish! fell Death's uplifted arm
Nor beauty can arrest, nor music charm.
Behold! oh, baleful sight! see where she lies!
The budding flower, unkindly blasted, dies:
Nor, though I live the longest day to mourn,
Will she again to life and me return.'

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

'Unhappy Colinet! what boots thee now,
To weave fresh garlands for thy Stella's brow?
No garland ever more may Stella wear,
Nor see the flowery season of the year,
Nor dance, nor sing, nor ever sweetly smile,
And every toil of Colinet beguile.'

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

'Throw by the lily, daffodil, and rose;
Wreaths of black yew, and willow pale, compose,
With baneful hemlock, deadly nightshade, dress'd,
Such chaplets as may witness thine unrest,
If aught can witness: O, ye shepherds tell,
When I am dead, no shepherd loved so well!'

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

'Alack, my sheep! and thou, dear spotless lamb,
By Stella nursed, who wean'd thee from the dam,

What heed give I to aught but to my grief,
My whole employment, and my whole relief!
Stray where ye list, some happier master try:
Yet once, my flock, was none so bless'd as I.'

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

'My pipe, whose soothing sound could passion move,
And first taught Stella's virgin heart to love,
Shall silent hang upon this blasted oak,
Whence owls their dirges sing, and ravens croak:
Nor lark, nor linnet, shall my day delight,
Nor nightingale suspend my moan by night·
The night and day shall undistinguish'd be,
Alike to Stella, and alike to me.'

No more, my pipe; here cease we to express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

COLIN CLOUT AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

When shepherds flourish'd in Eliza's reign,
There lived in high repute a jolly swain,
Young Colin Clout; who well could pipe and sing,
And by his notes invite the lagging spring.
He, as his custom was, at leisure laid
In woodland bower, without a rival play'd,
Soliciting his pipe to warble clear,
Enchantment sweet as ever wont to hear
Belated wayfarers, from wake or fair
Detain'd by music, hovering on in air:
Drawn by the magic of th' enticing sound,
What troops of mute admirers flock'd around!

The steerlings left their food; and creatures, wild
By Nature form'd, insensibly grew mild.
He makes the gathering birds about him throng,
And loads the neighbouring branches with his song:
There, with the crowd, a nightingale of fame,
Jealous, and fond of praise, to listen came:
She turn'd her ear, and pause by pause, with pride,
Like echo to the shepherd's pipe replied.
The shepherd heard with wonder, and again,
To try her more, renew'd his various strain:
To all the various strain she plies her throat,
And adds peculiar grace to every note.
If Colin, in complaining accent grieve,
Or brisker motion to his measure give,
If gentle sounds he modulate, or strong,
She, not a little vain, repeats the song:
But so repeats, that Colin half-despised
His pipe and skill, around the country prized:
And, Sweetest songster of the winged kind,
What thanks, said he, what praises, shall I find
To equal thy melodious voice? In thee
The rudeness of my rural fife I see;
From thee I learn no more to vaunt my skill:—
Aloft in air she sat, provoking still
The vanquish'd swain. Provoked, at last, he strove
To shew the little minstrel of the grove
His utmost powers, determined once to try
How art, exerting, might with nature vie;
For vie could none with either in their part,
With her in Nature, nor with him in Art.
He draws-in breath, his rising breath to fill:
Throughout the wood his pipe is heard to shrill.
From note to note, in haste, his fingers fly;
Still more and more the numbers multiply:

And now they trill, and now they fall and rise,
And swift and slow they change with sweet surprise.
Attentive she doth scarce the sounds retain;
But to herself first cons the puzzling strain,
And tracing, heedful, note by note repays
The shepherd in his own harmonious lays,
Through every changing cadence rŭns at length,
And adds in sweetness what she wants in strength.
Then Colin threw his fife disgraced aside,
While she loud triumph sings, proclaiming wide
Her mighty conquest, and within her throat
Twirls many a wild inimitable note,
To foil her rival. What could Colin more?
A little harp of maple ware he bore:
The little harp was old, but newly strung,
Which, usual, he across his shoulders hung.
Now take, delightful bird, my last farewell,
He said, and learn from hence thou dost excel
No trivial artist:—and anon he wound
The murmuring strings, and order'd every sound:
Then earnest to his instrument he bends,
And both hands pliant on the strings extends:
His touch the strings obey, and various move,
The lower answering still to those above:
His fingers, restless, traverse to and fro,
As in pursuit of harmony they go:
Now, lightly skimming, o'er the strings they pass,
Like winds which gently brush the plying grass,
While melting airs arise at their command:
And now, laborious, with a weighty hand
He sinks into the chords with solemn pace,
To give the swelling tones a bolder grace;
And now the left, and now by turns the right,
Each other chase, harmonious both in flight:

Then his whole fingers blend a swarm of sounds,
Till the sweet tumult through the harp rebounds.
Cease, Colin, cease, thy rival cease to vex;
The mingling notes, alas! her ear perplex:
She warbles, diffident, in hope and fear,
And hits imperfect accents here and there,
And fain would utter forth some double tone,
When soon she falters, and can utter none:
Again she tries, and yet again she fails;
For still the harp's united power prevails.
Then Colin play'd again, and playing sung:
She, with the fatal love of glory stung,
Hears all in pain: her heart begins to swell;
In piteous notes she sighs, in notes which tell
Her bitter anguish: he, still singing, plies
His limber joints: her sorrows higher rise.
How shall she bear a conqueror, who, before,
No equal through the grove in music bore?
She droops, she hangs her flagging wings, she moans,
And fetcheth from her breast melodious groans.
Oppress'd with grief at last too great to quell,
Down, breathless, on the guilty harp she fell.
Then Colin loud lamented o'er the dead,
And unavailing tears profusely shed,
And broke his wicked strings, and cursed his skill;
And best to make atonement for the ill,
If, for such ill, atonement might be made,
He builds her tomb beneath a laurel shade;
Then adds a verse, and sets with flowers the ground,
And makes a fence of winding osiers round.
A verse and tomb is all I now can give;
And here thy name at least, he said, shall live.

COLLINS.

—

ODE TO PITY.

O Thou, the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe:
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destined scene,
His wild unsated foe!

By Pella's Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild Arun* too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head,
To him thy cell was shewn;
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

* A river in Sussex.

Come, Pity, come, by fancy's aid,
E'en now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design:
Its southern site, its truth complete
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat,
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail:
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retired by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell!

ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O Thou, who sit'st a smiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best adored:
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword!
Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who sinks to ground:

See Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, though pierced with many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom e'en our joys provoke,
The fiend of Nature join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O Maid, for all thy love to Britain shewn,
Where Justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roseate bower,
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch's throne!

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined.

Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose,
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.
Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state,
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.
With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!

When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.
O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess, why to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that loved Athenian bower,
You learn'd in all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.

Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
E'en all at once together found
Cæcilia's mingled world of sound—
O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

I.

In yonder grave a Druid lies
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave!

II.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

III.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

IV.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is dress'd,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

V.

And oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

VI.

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

VII.

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

VIII.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu!

X.

The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,
O! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

THE WARRIOR'S GRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes bless'd!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

SHENSTONE.

NANCY OF THE VALE.—A BALLAD.

The western sky was purpled o'er
With every pleasing ray:
And flocks reviving felt no more
The sultry heats of day:

When from a hazel's artless bower
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He bless'd the scene, he bless'd the hour,
While Nancy's praise he sung:—

Let fops with fickle falsehood range
The paths of wanton love,
While weeping maids lament their change,
And sadden every grove;

But endless blessings crown the day
I saw fair Esham's dale!
And every blessing find its way
To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas from Avona's banks the maid
Diffused her lovely beams;
And every shining glance display'd
The Naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
That floats on Avon's tide;
Bright as the water-lily, sprung
And glittering near its side.

Fresh as the bordering flowers, her bloom;
Her eye, all mild to view;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
So taper, straight, and fair;
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
How charming sweet they were!

Far in the winding vale retired,
This peerless bud I found;
And shadowing rock and woods conspired
To fence her beauties round.

That nature in so lone a dell
Should form a nymph so sweet:
Or fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wandering feet!

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
But she would ne'er incline:
'Prove to your equals true (she cried),
As I will prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow,
Has won my right good will,
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill.'

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasp'd the constant fair;
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,
Or I those charms forego;
The stream that saw our tender love,
That stream shall cease to flow.

THE DYING KID.

A TEAR bedews my Delia's eye,
To think yon playful kid must die;
From crystal spring, and flowery mead,
Must, in his prime of life, recede!

Erewhile, in sportive circles round
She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound;
From rock to rock pursue his way,
And, on the fearful margin, play.

Pleased on his various freaks to dwell,
She saw him climb my rustic cell:
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells, with what delight he stood,
To trace his features in the flood:
Then skipp'd aloof with quaint amaze;
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed
He flew, to hear my vocal reed;
And how with critic face profound,
And steadfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His every frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia's care;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid must die.—

But knows my Delia, timely wise,
How soon this blameless era flies?
While violence and craft succeed?
Unfair design, and ruthless deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more;
Ah soon, erased from every grove
Were Delia's name, and Strephon's love.

No more those bowers might Strephon see,
Where first he fondly gazed on thee;
No more those beds of flowerets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twined.

Each wayward passion soon would tear
His bosom, now so void of care;
And, when they left his ebbing vein,
What but insipid age remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of fate,
That gave his life so short a date;
And I will join thy tenderest sighs,
To think that youth so swiftly flies!

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

IN FOUR PARTS.

I. ABSENCE.

Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam,
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I;
I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah, lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phillis farewell.

Since Phillis vouchsafed me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine:
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I prized every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleased me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I prized them no more.

But why do I languish in vain;
Why wander thus pensively here?

Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown:
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forced the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gazed as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The Pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far-distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely removed from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-briar entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove:
That it ever attended the bold;
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmoved, when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd
If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
And where are her grots and her bowers?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle, as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I shew you the charms of my love:
She is fairer than you can believe.

With her mien she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the swain,
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown;
—But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh my Phyllis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound!

'Tis his with mock passion to glow,
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold
'How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold.
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.'

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.

'O Phyllis,' he whispers, 'more fair,
More sweet than the jessamine's flower!
What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
What is eglantine, after a shower?

Then the lily no longer is white;
Then the rose is deprived of its bloom;
Then the violets die with despite,
And the woodbines give up their perfume.'
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
—Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise:
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart,
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smiled—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought:
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire;
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair, and how fickle, they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun—
How she smiled, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!

A VISION.

On distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,
Pensive I saw the circling shades descend;
Weary and faint I heard the storm arise,
While the sun vanish'd like a faithless friend.

No kind companion led my steps aright;
No friendly planet lent its glimmering ray;
E'en the lone cot refused its wonted light,
Where toil in peaceful slumber closed the day.

Then the dull bell had given a pleasing sound;
The village cur 'twere transport then to hear;
In dreadful silence all was hush'd around,
While the rude storm alone distress'd mine ear.

As led by Orwell's winding banks I stray'd,
Where towering Wolsey breath'd his native air;
A sudden lustre chased the flitting shade,
The sounding winds were hush'd, and all was fair.

Instant a grateful form appear'd confess'd;
White were his locks with awful scarlet crown'd,
And livelier far than Tyrian seem'd his vest,
That with the glowing purple tinged the ground.

'Stranger,' he said, 'amid this pealing rain,
Benighted, lonesome, whither wouldst thou stray?
Does wealth or power thy weary step constrain?
Reveal thy wish, and let me point the way.

For know I trod the trophy'd paths of power;
Felt every joy that fair ambition brings;
And left the lonely roof of yonder bower,
To stand beneath the canopies of kings.

I bade low hinds the towering ardour share;
Nor meanly rose, to bless myself alone:
I snatch'd the shepherd from his fleecy care,
And bade his wholesome dictate guard the throne.

Low at my feet the suppliant peer I saw;
I saw proud empires my decision wait;
My will was duty, and my word was law,
My smile was transport, and my frown was fate.

Ah me! (said I) nor power I seek, nor gain;
Nor urged by hope of fame these toils endure,
A simple youth, that feels a lover's pain,
And, from his friend's condolence, hopes a cure.

He, the dear youth, to whose abodes I roam,
Nor can mine honours, nor my fields, extend;
Yet for his sake I leave my distant home,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend.

Beneath that home I scorn the wintry wind;
The spring, to shade me, robes her fairest tree:
And if a friend my grass-grown threshold find,
O how my lonely cot resounds with glee!

Yet, though averse to gold in heaps amass'd,
I wish to bless, I languish to bestow;
And though no friend to fame's obstreperous blast,
Still to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

Too proud with servile tone to deign address;
Too mean to think that honours are my due;
Yet should some patron yield my stores to bless,
I sure should deem my boundless thanks were few.

But tell me, thou! that, like a meteor's fire,
Shot'st blazing forth, disdaining dull degrees,
Should I to wealth, to fame, to power aspire,
Must I not pass more rugged paths than these?

Must I not groan beneath a guilty load,
Praise him I scorn, and him I love betray?
Does not felonious envy bar the road?
Or falsehood's treacherous foot beset the way?

Say, should I pass through Favour's crowded gate,
Must not fair Truth inglorious wait behind?
Whilst I approach the glittering scenes of state,
My best companion no admittance find?

Nursed in the shades by freedom's lenient care,
Shall I the rigid sway of fortune own?
Taught by the voice of pious truth, prepare
To spurn an altar, and adore a throne?

And when proud fortune's ebbing tide recedes,
And when it leaves me no unshaken friend,
Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend?

Oh! if these ills the price of power advance,
Check not my speed where social joys invite!—
The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,
And, sighing, vanish'd in the shades of night.

BYROM.

A PASTORAL.

My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep:
I was so good humour'd, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day.
But now I so cross, and so peevish am grown;
So strangely uneasy as never was known.
My fair-one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain, that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:

But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your babbling, and hear me complain.

My lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And Phœbe and I were as joyful as they;
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When Spring, Love, and Beauty, were all in their prime;
But now in their frolics, when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass;
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair-one and me;
And Phœbe was pleased too, and to my dog said,
'Come hither, poor fellow;' and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I, with a sour look,
Cry 'Sirrah;' and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen,
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn-fields and hedges, and every thing made!
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too:

Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody 's gone :
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave every thing else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue ?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue ?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile ?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile ?
Ah ! rivals, I see what it was that you dress'd,
And made yourselves fine for—a place in her breast :
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly Time creeps till my Phœbe return !
While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn :
Methinks, if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down
the lead.
Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for 't when she is here.
Ah Colin ! old Time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying power, that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain ?
To be cured, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove ;
But what swain is so silly to live without love ?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah ! what shall I do ? I shall die with despair ;
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with your fair.

YOUNG.

GOD'S ADDRESS TO JOB.

And thus th' Almighty spoke:
Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign;
Lifts up his thought against me from the dust,
And tells the World's Creator what is just?
Of late so brave, now lift a dauntless eye,
Face my demand, and give it a reply:
Where didst thou dwell at nature's early birth?
Who laid foundations for the spacious earth?
Who on its surface did extend the line,
Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
Who fix'd the corner-stone? What hand, declare,
Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it on air:
When the bright morning stars in concert sung,
When heaven's high arch with loud hosannahs rung,
When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound?
Earth's numerous *kingdoms*, hast thou view'd them all?
And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball?
Who heaved the *mountain*, which sublimely stands,
And casts its shadow into distant lands?
Who, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the *deep*,
Can that wide world in due subjection keep?
I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow side,
And did a bason for the floods provide;
I chain'd them with my word; the boiling sea,
Work'd up in tempests, hears my great decree—

'Thus far, thy floating tide shall be convey'd;
And here, O main, be thy proud billows stay'd.'
Hast thou explored the *secrets* of the deep,
Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep?
Where, down a thousand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?
Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head?
Hath the cleft *centre* open'd wide to thee?
Death's inmost chambers didst thou ever see?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal through th' incumbent shade?
Deep are those shades; but shades still deeper hide
My counsels from the ken of human pride.
Where dwells the *light?* In what refulgent dome?
And where has *darkness* made her dismal home?
Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is fraught
With ripen'd wisdom, through long ages brought;
Since nature was call'd forth when thou wast by,
And into being rose beneath thine eye!
Are *mists* begotten? Who their father knew?
From whom descend the pearly drops of dew?
To bind the stream by night, what hand can boast,
Or whiten morning with the hoary *frost?*
Whose powerful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the sea, and turns it into stone?
A sudden desert spreads o'er realms defaced,
And lays one half of the creation waste!
Thou know'st me not; thy blindness cannot see
How vast a distance parts thy God from thee.
Canst thou in *whirlwinds* mount aloft? Canst thou
In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow;

And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with night?
Who launch'd the *clouds* in air, and bid them roll
Suspended seas aloft from pole to pole?
Who can refresh the burning sandy plain,
And quench the summer with a waste of rain?
Who, in rough deserts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?
There blooms the rose, where human face ne'er shone,
And spreads its beauties to the sun alone.
To check the shower, who lifts his hand on high,
And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her russet plains;
But, new in life, a cheerful prospect yields
Of shining rivers and of verdant fields;
When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
And earth and heaven are fill'd with rich perfume?
Hast thou e'er scaled my wintry skies, and seen
Of *hail* and *snows* my northern magazine?
These the dread treasures of mine anger are,
My funds of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and storms, at my command,
Rage through the world, or waste a guilty land.
Who taught the rapid *winds* to fly so fast,
Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast?
Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour?
Who strikes through nature with the solemn roar
Of dreadful *thunder*, points it where to fall,
And in fierce *lightning* wraps the flying ball?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.

Who drew the *comet* out to such a size,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?
Did thy resentment hang him out? Does he
Glare on the nation, and denounce, from thee?
Who on low earth can moderate the rein,
That guides the *stars* along th' ethereal plain?
Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,
Their lustre brighten, and supply their force?
Canst thou the skies' benevolence restrain,
And cause the Pleiades to shine in vain;
Or, when Orion sparkles from his sphere,
Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year;
Bid Mazzaroth his destined station know,
And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?
Mine is the *night*, with all her stars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.
Dost thou pronounce where day-light shall be born,
And draw the purple curtain of the morn;
Awake the *sun*, and bid him come away,
And glad *thy* world with his obsequious ray?
Hast thou, enthroned in flaming glory, driven
Triumphant round the spacious ring of heaven?
That pomp of light, what hand so far displays,
That distant earth lies basking in the blaze?
Who did the *soul* with her rich powers invest,
And light up reason in the human breast?
To shine, with fresh increase of lustre bright,
When stars and sun are set in endless night?

REFLECTIONS ON MAN.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He, who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvellously mix'd,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd *link* in Being's endless chain!
Midway from *nothing* to the *Deity!*
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect *infinite!*
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her *own:* How reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

* * * * * * *

Yet man, fool man! *here* buries all his thoughts
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where *seraphs* gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.

What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow,
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles *ocean* into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

* * * * * * *

Yet why *complain?* or why complain for one?
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The *single* man? Are angels all beside?
I mourn for millions: 'tis the common lot:
In *this* shape, or in *that*, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs, of *pain*.
War, Famine, Pest, Volcano, Storm, and Fire,
Intestine broils, *Oppression*, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
God's image disinherited of day,
Here, plunged in mines, forgets a sun was made.
There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;
And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopp'd away, with half their limb
Beg bitter bread through realms their valour saved,
If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom.

Want and incurable *disease* (fell pair!)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once; and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning *hospitals* eject their dead!
What numbers groan for sad admission there!
What numbers, once in *fortune's* lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!
Ye silken sons of pleasure! since in pains
You rue more modish visits, visit *here*,
And breathe from your debauch: *give*, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you: but so great
Your impudence, you blush at what is right.
Happy! did sorrow seize on such alone.
Not *prudence* can defend, or *virtue* save;
Disease invades the chastest temperance;
And punishment the guiltless; and alarm,
Through thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns;
And his guard, falling, crushes him to death.
Not *happiness* itself makes good her name;
Our very wishes give us not our wish.
How distant oft the thing we doat on most,
From that for which we doat, *felicity!*
The *smoothest* course of nature has its pains;
And *truest* friends, through error, wound our rest.
Without misfortune, what calamities!
And what hostilities, without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail than cause to sigh.

H. Corbould. C. Heath.

What numbers, once in Fortunes lap high fed,
Solicit the cold hand of Charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!

MALLET

—

EDWIN AND EMMA.

I.

Far in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage stood.

II.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her bless'd, and die.

III.

The softest blush that Nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek:
Such orient colour smiles through heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

IV.

Nor let the pride of great-ones scorn
This charmer of the plains:
That sun, who bids their diamonds blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

V.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair;
And though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair.

VI.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul devoid of art;
And from whose eye serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

VII.

A mutual flame was quickly caught:
Was quickly too reveal'd:
For neither bosom lodged a wish
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

VIII.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

IX.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
Each darker art employ'd.

X.

The father too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod,
From whence his riches grew.

XI.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmoved.
Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapproved.

XII.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of differing passions strove:
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

XIII.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

XIV.

Oft too on Stanemore's wintery waste,
Beneath the moon-light shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight-mourner stray'd.

XV.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast:
So fades the fresh rose in its prime
Before the northern blast.

XVI.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And wearied Heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

XVII.

'Tis past! he cried—but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold,
What they must ever love!

XVIII.

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bathed with many a tear:
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

XIX.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say—
'My Edwin, live for me!'

XX.

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

XXI.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

XXII.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale!

XXIII.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door—
He 's gone! she cried; and I shall see
That angel-face no more.

XXIV.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side—
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shivering sigh'd, and died.

AKENSIDE.

ON TASTE.

What then is taste, but these internal powers
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarranged, or gross
In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture, can bestow;
But God alone when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
He, mighty parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky;—full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart:
How lovely! how commanding! But though Heaven

In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening suns, and genial showers,
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promised in its spring.
Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
His will, obsequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Different minds
Incline to different objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from its lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs
All on the margin of some flowery stream
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
Of plantane shades, and to the listening deer
The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
Resound soft-warbling all the live-long day:
Consenting Zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and so various are the tastes of men!

ON THE MORAL ADVANTAGES OF A WELL-FORMED IMAGINATION.

. . . . . What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the Spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreproved. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert

Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspired delight: her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what th' eternal Maker has ordain'd
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan;
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

Thou, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires; O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king
(Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
The Charter of thy Freedom. Pass not on
Till thou hast bless'd their memory, and paid
Those thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
Go, call thy sons: instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
To pay it, by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

CHATTERTON.

THE RESIGNATION.

[from 'love and madness.']

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky;
Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise;

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill—
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O teach me, in the trying hour
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy took the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

Almighty framer of the skies!
O let our pure devotion rise,
  Like incense in thy sight!
Wrapp'd in impenetrable shade
The texture of our souls were made
  Till thy command gave light.

The Sun of Glory gleam'd the ray,
Refined the darkness into day,
  And bid the vapours fly:
Impell'd by his eternal love,
He left his palaces above,
  To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appear'd in mortal clay,
  The mark of worldly scorn;
When the archangels' heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
  And hail'd salvation's morn?

An humble form the Godhead wore,
The pains of poverty he bore,
  To gaudy pomp unknown:
Though in a human walk he trod,
Still was the man Almighty God,
  In glory all his own.

Despised, oppress'd, the Godhead bears
The torments of this vale of tears;
  Nor bade his vengeance rise;

He saw the creatures he had made
Revile his power, his peace invade;
He saw with Mercy's eyes.

How shall we celebrate his name,
Who groan'd beneath a life of shame,
In all afflictions tried;
The soul is raptured to conceive
A truth, which Being must believe,
The God eternal died.

My soul, exert thy powers, adore,
Upon Devotion's plumage soar,
To celebrate the day:
The God from whom creation sprung
Shall animate my grateful tongue;
From him I'll catch the lay!

GRAY.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The peeling anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind:

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he;

The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
'Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's* holy shade;

* King Henry the Sixth, founder of Eton College.

And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
Ah, fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linent which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty;

Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing, when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue;
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train:
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame, that sculks behind;

Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy:
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse, with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.

Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
Since Sorrow never comes too late,
And Happiness too swiftly flies,
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where Ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

SMOLLETT.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, oh fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
'Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn.'

ODE TO LEVEN-WATER.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love;
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.

Pure stream, in whose transparent wave,
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source;
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,

And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

SHAW.

MONODY TO THE MEMORY OF HIS WIFE.

Yet do I live! O how shall I sustain
This vast unutterable weight of woe?
This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
Or all the complicated ills below—
She, in whose life my hopes were treasured all,
Is gone—for ever fled—
My dearest Emma 's dead;
These eyes, these tear-swoln eyes, beheld her fall:
Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore,
She lives—but (cruel thought!) she lives for me no more.

I, who, the tedious absence of a day
Removed, would languish for my charmer's sight,
Would chide the lingering moments for delay,
And fondly blame the slow return of night;
How, how shall I endure
(O misery past a cure!)

Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?
Did ever mind so much of heaven partake?
Did she not love me with the purest flame,
And give up friends and fortune for my sake?
Though mild as evening skies,
With downcast, streaming eyes,
Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train
(No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays),
Teach me each moving melancholy strain,
And O discard the pageantry of phrase;
Ill suit the flowers of speech with woes like mine!
Thus haply as I paint
The source of my complaint,
My soul may own th' impassion'd line;
A flood of tears may gush to my relief,
And from my swelling heart discharge this load of grief.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell;
'How good she was, how gentle, and how fair!'
In pity cease—alas! I know too well:
How in her sweet expressive face
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace
Of manners, most engaging, most refined:
No piteous object could she see,
But her soft bosom shared the woe,
Whilst smiles of affability
Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow:

Whate'er th' emotions of her heart,
Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,
Stranger to every female art,
Alike to feign, or to disguise:
And O the boast how rare!
The secret in her faithful breast reposed,
She ne'er with lawless tongue disclosed,
In sacred silence lodged inviolate there.
O feeble words—unable to express
Her matchless virtue, or my own distress!
Relentless Death! that steel'd to human woe,
With murderous hands deals havoc on mankind,
Why (cruel!) strike this deprecated blow,
And leave such wretched multitudes behind?
Hark! groans come wing'd on every breeze!
The sons of grief prefer their ardent vow;
Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
And supplicate thy aid, as I do now:
In vain—Perverse, still on th' unweeting head
'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed;
Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
And drench in tears the face of joy.
But oh, fell tyrant! yet expect the hour
When virtue shall renounce thy power;
When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.

Alas! the day ——— Where'er I turn my eyes,
Some sad memento of my loss appears;
I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,
Resolved to dry my unavailing tears:
But, ah! in vain——no change of time or place
The memory can efface
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
Now lost; and nought remains but anguish and despair.

H. Corbould. C. Heath.

My hand She press'd wet with her falling tears
And thus in faltering accents Spoke her fears

Where were the delegates of Heaven, oh where!
Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep!
Had innocence or virtue been their care,
She had not died, nor had I lived to weep:
Moved by my tears, and by her patience moved,
To see her force th' endearing smile
My sorrows to beguile,
When torture's keenest rage she proved;
Sure they had warded that untimely dart,
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's heart.

How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When, feeling death's resistless power,
My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in faltering accents, spoke her fears!
'Ah, my loved lord, the transient scene is o'er,
And we must part (alas!) to meet no more!
But, oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear!
If, from thy loved embrace my heart to gain,
Proud friends have frown'd, and fortune smiled in vain;
If it has been my sole endeavour still
To act in all obsequious to thy will;
To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
Then only truly blest when thou wert so:
If I have doated with that fond excess,
Nor love could add, nor fortune make it less;
If this I've done, and more—oh then be kind
To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.
When time my once-loved memory shall efface,
Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,
With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
And hate it for the love thou bore to me:

My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears,
But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears),
Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow
(Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true),
That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,
Where safe thy blandishments it may partake,
And, oh! be tender for its mother's sake.
Wilt thou?———
I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent,
And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content.'

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
The various ills imposed by cruel fate,
Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,
But sink beneath the weight:
Just Heaven! (I cried) from Memory's earliest day
No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,
Misfortune still with unrelenting sway
Has claim'd me for her own.
But O—in pity to my grief, restore
This only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more.—
Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is past,
E'en now she looks—she sighs her last—
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death.

* * * * * *

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;
To wean thy heart from grovelling views below,
And point out bliss beyond misfortune's reach;
To shew that all the flattering schemes of joy,
Which towering hope so fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can destroy,

And plunge th' exulting maniac in despair.
Then, O! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss—haply, thy future gain;
Nor let thy Emma die in vain;
Time shall administer its wonted balm,
And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm.
Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate
Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage:
But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants, and rages for the plain;
Moping awhile, in sullen mood,
Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long,
Plumes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the song:
Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,
And with its plaintive warblings saddens all the place.
Forgive me, Heaven—yet—yet the tears will flow,
To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!
My budding joys just promising to blow,
All nipp'd and wither'd by one envious blast!
My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,
Move heavily along;
Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song?
Time creeps unconscious of delight:
How shall I cheat the tedious day?
And O—the joyless night!
Where shall I rest my weary head?
How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?

* * * * *

Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,
Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,

With lenient hand support my drooping head,
Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?
Should worldly business call away,
Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
Count every minute of the loitering day,
Impatient for my quick return?
Should aught my bosom discompose,
Who now with sweet complacent air
Shall smooth the rugged brow of care,
And soften all my woes?
Too faithful memory—cease, O cease—
How shall I e'er regain my peace?
O to forget her!—but how vain each art,
Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart.

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
When reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy sweet lisping tongue shall ask the cause,
How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,
When twining round my knees, I trace
Thy mother's smile upon thy face?
How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
Sad memory of my joys—ah now no more!
By blessings once enjoy'd now more distress'd,
More beggar by the riches once possess'd.
My little darling!—dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou'st caused (O strange to hear!)
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchased with thy mother's bier:
Who now shall seek with fond delight
Thy infant steps to guide aright?
She who with doating eyes would gaze
On all thy little artless ways,

By all thy soft endearments bless'd
And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
Alas! is gone—Yet shalt thou prove
A father's dearest, tenderest love;
And O sweet senseless smiler (envied state!)
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,
When years thy judgment shall mature,
And reason shews those ills it cannot cure,
Wilt thou, a father's grief to assuage,
For virtue prove the phœnix of the earth
(Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth),
And be the comfort of my age?
When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?
And oft as to thy listening ear
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then fondly stealing to thy father's side,
Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,
Which I would vainly seek to hide,
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?
To sooth my sorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?

SMART.

ON THE ETERNITY OF THE SUPREME BEING.

Hail, wondrous Being, who in power supreme
Exists from everlasting, whose great name
Deep in the human heart, and every atom,

The air, the earth, or azure main, contains,
In undecipher'd characters is wrote—
Incomprehensible! O what can words,
The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts,
Or what can thoughts (though wild of wing they rove
Through the vast concave of th' ethereal round)?
If to the heaven of heavens they'd win their way
Adventurous, like the birds of night they're lost,
And deluged in the flood of dazzling day.

May then the youthful, uninspired bard
Presume to hymn th' Eternal; may he soar
Where seraph and where cherubim on high
Resound th' unceasing plaudits, and with them
In the grand chorus mix his feeble voice?

He may, if thou, who from the witless babe
Ordainest honour, glory, strength, and praise,
Uplift th' unpinion'd muse, and deign t' assist,
Great Poet of the universe, his song.

Before this earthly planet wound her course
Round Light's perennial fountain, before Light
Herself 'gan shine, and at th' inspiring word
Shot to existence in a blaze of day,
Before the 'morning stars together sang,'
And hail'd thee architect of countless worlds,
Thou art—all glorious, all beneficent,
All wisdom and omnipotence, Thou art!

ON THE IMMENSITY OF THE SUPREME BEING.

Awake, my lute and harp—myself shall wake
Soon as the stately night-exploding bird
In lively lay sings welcome to the dawn.

List ye! how nature with ten thousand tongues
Begins the grand thanksgiving: Hail, all hail,
Ye tenants of the forest and the field!
My fellow-subjects of th' Eternal King,
I gladly join your matins, and with you
Confess his presence, and report his praise.
O thou, who or the lambkin, or the dove,
When offer'd by the lowly, meek, and poor,
Prefer'st to pride's whole hecatomb, accept
This mean essay, nor from thy treasure-house
Of glory immense, the orphan's mite exclude.
What though th' Almighty's regal throne be raised
High o'er yon azure heaven's exalted dome
By mortal eye unkenn'd—where east nor west,
Nor south, nor blustering north, has breath to blow;
Albeit he there with angels and with saints
Holds conference, and to his radiant host
E'en face to face stands visibly confess'd:
Yet know, that nor in presence nor in power
Shines he less perfect here; 'tis man's dim eye
That makes th' obscurity. He is the same,
Alike in all his universe the same.

ON THE OMNISCIENCE OF THE SUPREME BEING.

All glory to th' Omniscient, and praise,
And power, and domination, in the height.
And thou, cherubic Gratitude! whose voice
To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,
Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.

Thou too, my heart, when he, and he alone
Who all things knows, can know, with love replete,
Regenerate and pure, pour all thyself
A living sacrifice before his throne:
And may th' eternal, high mysterious tree,
That in the centre of the arched heavens
Bears the rich fruit of knowledge, with some branch
Stoop to my humble reach, and bless my toil!
When in my mother's womb conceal'd I lay,
A senseless embryo, then my soul thou knew'st,
Knew'st all her future workings, every thought,
And every faint idea yet unform'd.
When up the imperceptible ascent
Of growing years, led by thy hand, I rose,
Perception's gradual light, that ever dawns
Insensibly to-day, thou didst vouchsafe,
And teach me by that reason thou inspired'st,
That what of knowledge in my mind was low,
Imperfect, incorrect—in thee is wondrous,
Uncircumscribed, unsearchably profound,
And estimable solely by itself.
What is that secret power that guides the brutes,
Which ignorance calls instinct? 'Tis from thee,
It is the operation of thine hands,
Immediate, instantaneous; 'tis thy wisdom,
That glorious shines transparent through thy works.
Who taught the pie, or who forewarn'd the jay
To shun the deadly nightshade? though the cherry
Boasts not a glossier hue, nor does the plumb
Lure with more seeming sweets the amorous eye,
Yet will not the sagacious birds, decoy'd
By fair appearance, touch the noxious fruit.
They know to taste is fatal, whence alarm'd
Swift on the winnowing winds they work their way.

Go to, proud reasoner, philosophic man,
Hast thou such prudence, thou such knowledge?—
No.
* * * * * * *
Avaunt conceit, ambition take thy flight
Back to the prince of vanity and air!
Oh! 'tis a thought of energy most piercing,
Form'd to make pride grow humble; form'd to force
Its weight on the reluctant mind, and give her
A true but irksome image of herself.
Woful vicissitude! when man, fall'n man,
Who first from heaven, from gracious God himself,
Learn'd knowledge of the brutes, must know by brutes
Instructed and reproach'd, the scale of being;
By slow degrees from lowly steps ascends,
And traced Omniscience upwards to its spring!
Yet murmur not, but praise—for though we stand
Of many a godlike privilege amerced
By Adam's dire transgression, though no more
Is Paradise our home, but o'er the portal
Hangs in terrific pomp the burning blade;
Still with ten thousand beauties blooms the earth
With pleasures populous, and with riches crown'd.
Still is there scope for wonder and for love
E'en to their last exertion—showers of blessings
Far more than human virtue can deserve,
Or hope expect, or gratitude return.
Then, O ye people, O ye sons of men,
Whatever be the colour of your lives,
Whatever portion of itself his wisdom
Shall deign t' allow, still patiently abide,
And praise him more and more; nor cease to chant

All glory to th' Omniscient, and praise,
And power, and domination, in the height!
And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice
To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,
Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.

ON THE POWER OF THE SUPREME BEING.

'TREMBLE, thou earth!' th' anointed poet said,
'At God's bright presence, tremble, all ye mountains
And all ye hillocks on the surface bound.'
Then once again, ye glorious thunders, roll,
The muse with transport hears you once again
Convulse the solid continent, and shake,
Grand music of Omnipotence, the isles.
'Tis thy terrific voice, thou God of power,
'Tis thy terrific voice; all nature hears it
Awaken'd and alarm'd; she feels its force,
In every spring she feels it, every wheel,
And every movement of her vast machine.
Behold! quakes Appenine, behold! recoils
Athos, and all the hoary-headed Alps
Leap from their bases at the godlike sound.
But what is this, celestial though the note,
And proclamation of the reign supreme,
Compared with such as, for a mortal ear
Too great, amaze the incorporeal worlds?
Should Ocean to his congregated waves
Call in each river, cataract, and lake,
And with the watery world down a huge rock
Fall headlong, in one horrible cascade,

'Twere but the echo of the parting breeze,
When Zephyr faints upon the lily's breast—
'Twere but the ceasing of some instrument,
When the last lingering undulation
Dies on the doubting ear, if named with sounds
So mighty! so stupendous! so divine!

* * * * * *

But O supreme, unutterable mercy!
O love unequall'd, mystery immense,
Which angels long t'unfold! 'tis man's redemption
That crowns thy glory, and thy power confirms,
Confirms the great, th' uncontroverted claim.
When from the Virgin's unpolluted womb,
Shone forth the Sun of Righteousness reveal'd,
And on benighted reason pour'd the day;
'Let there be peace' (he said), and all was calm
Amongst the warring world—calm as the sea,
When, 'Peace, be still, ye boisterous winds,' he cried,
And not a breath was blown, nor murmur heard.
His was a life of miracles and might,
And charity and love, ere yet he taste
The bitter draught of death, ere yet he rise
Victorious o'er the universal foe,
And Death, and Sin, and Hell, in triumph lead.
His by the right of conquest is mankind,
And in sweet servitude and golden bonds
We're tied to him for ever.—O how easy
Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
'Tis ecstacy to bear! Him, blessed Shepherd,
His flock shall follow through the maze of life,
And shades that tend to day-spring from on high;
And as the radiant roses, ever fading,
In fuller foliage and more fragrant breath
Revive in smiling Spring, so shall it fare

With those that love him—for sweet is their savour,
And all eternity shall be their Spring.
Then shall the gates and everlasting doors,
At which the King of Glory enters in,
Be to the saints unbarr'd; and there, where pleasure
Boasts an undying bloom, where dubious hope
Is certainty, and grief-attended love
Is freed from passion—there we'll celebrate,
With worthier numbers, him, who is, and was,
And in immortal prowess King of kings
Shall be the monarch of all worlds for ever.

ON THE GOODNESS OF THE SUPREME BEING.

Immense Creator! whose all-powerful hand
Framed universal being, and whose eye
Saw, like thyself, that all things form'd were good;
Where shall the timorous bard thy praise begin,
Where end the purest sacrifice of song
And just thanksgiving?—the thought-kindling light,
Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
And fills my soul with gratitude and thee.
Hail to the cheerful rays of ruddy morn,
That paint the streaky east, and blithsome rouse
The birds, the cattle, and mankind, from rest!
Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,
And Iris dancing on the new-fallen dew!
Without the aid of yonder golden globe,
Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lily,
The tulip, and auricula's spotted pride;
Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight

So pleasing in its pomp and glossy glow.
O thrice illustrious! were it not for thee
Those pansies, that, reclining from the bank,
View through th' immaculate pellucid stream
Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
Might as well change their triple boast, the white,
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
The eastern monarch's garb, e'en with the dock,
E'en with the baneful hemlock's irksome green.
Without thy aid, without thy gladsome beams,
The tribes of woodland warblers would remain
Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
The praise of him, who, ere he form'd their lord,
Their voices tuned to transport, wing'd their flight,
And bade them call for nurture, and receive.
And lo! they call; the blackbird and the thrush,
The woodlark and the redbreast, jointly call;
He hears and feeds their feather'd families,
He feeds his sweet musicians—nor neglects
Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide;
And though their throats' coarse rattling hurt the ear,
They mean it all for music, thanks and praise
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man.

* * * * * * *

O he is good, he is immensely good!
Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for man;
Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
Dispensing all his blessings for the best,
In order and in beauty:—raise, attend,
Attest, and praise, ye quarters of the world!

* * * * * * *

But chiefly thou, Europa, seat of grace
And Christian excellence, his goodness own,
Forth from ten thousand temples pour his praise;

Clad in the armour of the living God
Approach, unsheath the Spirit's flaming sword;
Faith's shield, salvation's glory, compass'd helm,
With fortitude assume, and o'er your heart
Fair Truth's invulnerable breast-plate spread;
Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
And let the song of charity begin
In strains seraphic, and melodious prayer:
'O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
Thou God of goodness and of glory, hear!
Thou, who to lowliest minds dost condescend,
Assuming passions to enforce thy laws,
Adopting jealousy to prove thy love:
Thou, who resign'd humility uphold,
E'en as the florist props the drooping rose,
But quell tyrannic pride with peerless power
E'en as the tempest rives the stubborn oak—
O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
Thou God of goodness, and of glory, hear!
Bless all mankind, and bring them in the end
To heaven, to immortality, and thee.'

LYTTELTON.

ADVICE TO A LADY.

The counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I shew
What female vanity might fear to know.

Some merit 's mine, to dare to be sincere;
But greater yours, sincerity to bear.
Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends pursue;
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from reason heedless beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays:
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amused,
When most ye tyrannize, you're most abused.
What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair.
For this the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
For this hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.
Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain:
Of those who claim it more than half have none;
And half of those who have it are undone.
Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts:
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule:
A *cunning woman* is a *knavish fool*.

* * * * * * *

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's noblest station is retreat:
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.
To rougher man ambition's task resign:
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine;
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breasts should move,
Th' important business of your life is love;
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.
Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;
With caution choose; but then be fondly kind.
The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in love's delightful heaven;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless:
The virtue of a lover is excess.
A maid unask'd may own a well-placed flame;
Nor loving *first*, but loving *wrong*, is shame.
Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Not think that conquest justifies disdain.
Short is the period of insulting power:
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour;
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.
Bless'd is the maid, and worthy to be bless'd,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possess'd,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power but that of pleasing most:
Hers is the bliss, in just return, to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love;

For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.
But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let reason teach what passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by prudence should be tied;
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain;
And that fond love which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief:
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

* * * * * * *

E'en in the happiest choice, where favouring heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done:
The prize of happiness must still be won:
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The *lover* in the *husband* may be lost;
The Graces might *alone* his heart *allure;*
They and the Virtues *meeting* must *secure.*
Let e'en your *prudence* wear the pleasing dress
Of care for *him,* and anxious *tenderness.*
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The *household sceptre* if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his servant to appear:
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The *mistress* still shall charm him in the *wife;*

And wrinkled age shall unobserved come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone:
E'en o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.
Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The task were harder, to secure my own
Against the power of those already known:
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy.
I own your genius; and from you receive
The rules of pleasing which to you I give.

FALCONER.

ON THE FALLEN CONDITION OF GREECE.

Eternal powers! what ruins from afar
Mark the fell track of desolating war!
Here Art and Commerce, with auspicious reign,
Once breath'd sweet influence on the happy plain!
While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
Young Pleasure led the jocund hours along.
In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen
To crown the valleys with eternal green.
For wealth, for valour, courted and revered,
What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd.—

Ah! who the flight of ages can revoke?
The free-born spirit of her sons is broke;
They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke!
No longer fame the drooping heart inspires,
For rude oppression quench'd its genial fires.
But still her fields, with golden harvests crown'd,
Supply the barren shores of Greece around.
What pale distress afflicts those wretched isles!
There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles.
The vassal wretch obsequious drags his chain,
And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.
These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil
A seventh year scorn the weary labourer's toil.
No blooming Venus, on the desert shore,
Now views, with triumph, captive gods adore.
No lovely Helens now, with fatal charms,
Call forth th' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms.
No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,
For whom contending kings are proud to die.
Here sullen beauty sheds a twilight ray,
While sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay.
Those charms, so long renown'd in classic strains,
Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains!

STORY OF PALEMON.

Charged with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name:
A father's stern resentment doom'd to prove,
He came, the victim of unhappy love!
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled;
For her a secret flame his bosom fed.

Nor let the wretched slaves of Folly scorn
This genuine passion, Nature's eldest-born!
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming Anna mourn'd the cause in vain.
Graceful of form, by Nature taught to please,
Of power to melt the female breast with ease,
To her Palemon told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of summer's evening gale.
O'erjoy'd, he saw her lovely eyes relent;
The blushing maiden smiled with sweet consent.
Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove,
Unheard, they breath'd alternate vows of love:
By fond society their passion grew,
Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew.
In evil hour th' officious tongue of Fame
Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger struggling in his breast,
Palemon's father heard the tale confess'd.
Long had he listen'd with Suspicion's ear,
And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.
Too well, fair youth! thy liberal heart he knew;
A heart to Nature's warm impressions true!
Full oft his wisdom strove, with fruitless toil,
With avarice to pollute that generous soil;
That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,
Refused the culture of so rank a weed.
Elate with wealth, in active commerce won,
And basking in the smile of Fortune's sun,
With scorn the parent eyed the lowly shade,
That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid.
Indignant he rebuked th' enamour'd boy,
The flattering promise of his future joy!
He sooth'd and menaced, anxious to reclaim
This hopeless passion, or divert its aim.

Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.
With all her powers enchanting Music fail'd,
And Pleasure's syren-voice no more prevail'd.
The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
In look and voice assumed a harsher strain.
In absence now his only hope remain'd;
And such the stern decree his will ordain'd.
Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom,
In vain with bitter sorrow he repined,
No tender pity touch'd that sordid mind;
To thee, brave Albert, was the charge consign'd.
The stately ship, forsaking England's shore,
To regions far remote Palemon bore.
Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth
Still loved fair Anna with eternal truth:
From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
His heart still panted for its secret home.

* * * * * * * *

Albert thou know'st with skill and science graced,
In humble station though by fortune placed,
Yet never seaman more serenely brave
Led Britain's conquering squadrons o'er the wave.
Where full in view Augusta's spires are seen,
With flowery lawns, and waving woods between,
A peaceful dwelling stands in modest pride,
Where Thames, slow-winding, rolls his ample tide.
There live the hope and pleasure of his life,
A pious daughter, with a faithful wife.
For his return, with fond officious care,
Still every grateful object these prepare;

Whatever can allure the smell or sight,
Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.
This blooming maid in virtue's path to guide,
Her anxious parents all their cares applied.
Her spotless soul, where soft compassion reign'd,
No vice untuned, no sickening folly stain'd.
Not fairer grows the lily of the vale,
Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale:
Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,
Thrill'd every heart with exquisite alarms:
Her face, in beauty's sweet attraction dress'd
The smile of maiden-innocence express'd;
While health, that rises with the new-born day,
Breath'd o'er her cheek the softest blush of May.
Still in her look complacence smiled serene;
She moved the charmer of the rural scene.
'Twas at that season when the fields resume
Their loveliest hues, array'd in vernal bloom;
Yon ship, rich-freighted from th' Italian shore,
To Thames' fair banks her costly tribute bore:
While thus my father saw his ample hoard,
From this return, with recent treasure stored;
Me, with affairs of commerce charged, he sent
To Albert's humble mansion; soon I went,
Too soon, alas! unconscious of th' event—
There struck with sweet surprise and silent awe,
The gentle mistress of my hopes I saw:
There, wounded first by love's resistless arms,
My glowing bosom throbb'd with strange alarms.
My ever-charming Anna! who alone
Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone;
O! while all-conscious memory holds her power,
Can I forget that sweetly-painful hour,
When from those eyes, with lovely lightning fraught,

My fluttering spirits first th' infection caught:
When, as I gazed, my faltering tongue betray'd
The heart's quick tumults, or refused its aid:
While the dim light my ravish'd eyes forsook,
And every limb unstrung with terror shook!
With all her powers dissenting reason strove
To tame at first the kindling flame of love;
She strove in vain! subdued by charms divine,
My soul a victim fell at beauty's shrine.
Oft from the din of bustling life I stray'd,
In happier scenes, to see my lovely maid.
Full oft, where Thames his wandering current leads,
We roved at evening hour through flowery meads.
There, while my heart's soft anguish I reveal'd,
To her with tender sighs my hope appeal'd.
While the sweet nymph my faithful tale believed,
Her snowy breast with secret tumult heaved;
For, train'd in rural scenes from earliest youth,
Nature was her's, and innocence and truth.
She never knew the city damsel's art,
Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart!—
My suit prevail'd; for love inform'd my tongue,
And on his votary's lips persuasion hung.
Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,
And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.—
Thrice happy hours! where, with no dark allay,
Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day!
For here the sigh, that soft affection heaves,
From stings of sharper woe the soul relieves.
Elysian scenes, too happy long to last!—
Too soon a storm the smiling dawn o'ercast!
Too soon some demon to my father bore
The tidings that his heart with anguish tore—

My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice,
Awhile he labour'd to degrade my choice:
Then, in the whirling wave of pleasure, sought
From its loved object to divert my thought.
With equal hope he might attempt to bind,
In chains of adamant, the lawless wind:
For love had aim'd the fatal shaft too sure:
Hope fed the wound, and absence knew no cure.
With alienated look, each art he saw
Still baffled by superior Nature's law.
His anxious mind on various schemes revolved;
At last on cruel exile he resolved.
The rigorous doom was fix'd; alas! how vain
To him of tender anguish to complain!
His soul, that never love's sweet influence felt,
By social sympathy could never melt;
With stern command to Albert's charge he gave,
To waft Palemon o'er the distant wave.

The ship was laden and prepared to sail,
And only waited now the leading gale.
'Twas ours, in that sad period, first to prove
The heartfelt torments of despairing love.
Th' impatient wish that never feels repose;
Desire that with perpetual current flows;
The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear;
Joy distant still, and sorrow ever near!
Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,
The western breezes inauspicious blew,
Hastening the moment of our last adieu.
The vessel parted on the falling tide;
Yet time one sacred hour to love supplied.
The night was silent, and, advancing fast,
The moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast.

Impatient hope the midnight path explored,
And led me to the nymph my soul adored.
Soon her quick footsteps struck my listening ear!
She came confess'd! the lovely maid drew near!
But ah! what force of language can impart
Th' impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart!
O! ye, whose melting hearts are form'd to prove
The trembling ecstacies of genuine love!
When, with delicious agony the thought
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;
Your secret sympathy alone can tell
What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell:
O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
While love with sweet enchantment melts the soul!
In transport lost, by trembling hope impress'd,
The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast;
While her's congenial beat with fond alarms;
Dissolving softness! paradise of charms!
Flash'd from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
Our blending spirits, that each other drew!
O bliss supreme! where virtue's self can melt
With joys that guilty pleasure never felt!
Form'd to refine the thought with chaste desire,
And kindle sweet affection's purest fire!
Ah! wherefore should my hopeless love, she cries,
While sorrow bursts with interrupting sighs,
For ever destined to lament in vain,
Such flattering, fond ideas entertain?
My heart through scenes of fair illusion stray'd,
To joys decreed for some superior maid.
'Tis mine to feel the sharpest stings of grief,
Where never gentle hope affords relief.
Go then, dear youth! thy father's rage atone;
And let this tortured bosom beat alone!

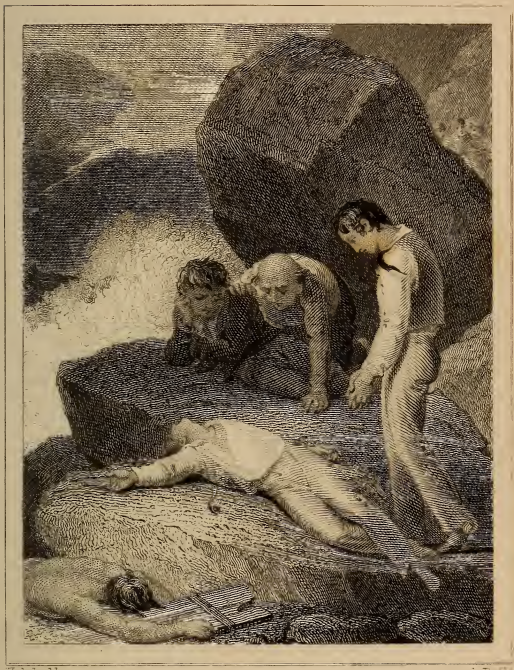
The hovering anger yet thou may'st appease;
Go then, dear youth! nor tempt the faithless seas!
Find out some happier daughter of the town,
With fortune's fairer joys thy love to crown;
Where smiling o'er thee, with indulgent ray,
Prosperity shall hail each new-born day.
Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard fate,
Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate;
Go then, I charge thee, by thy generous love,
That fatal to my father thus may prove!
On me alone let dark affliction fall!
Whose heart, for thee, will gladly suffer all.
Then haste thee hence, Palemon, ere too late,
Nor rashly hope to brave opposing fate!
She ceased; while anguish in her angel-face
O'er all her beauties shower'd celestial grace.
Not Helen, in her bridal charms array'd,
Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.
O soul of all my wishes! I replied,
Can that soft fabric stem affliction's tide?
Canst thou, fair emblem of exalted truth!
To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth;
And I, perfidious! all that sweetness see
Consign'd to lasting misery for me?
Sooner this moment may th' eternal doom
Palemon in the silent earth entomb!
Attest thou moon, fair regent of the night!
Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight;
By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
That sweet possession only knows to heal!
By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep!
Where fate and ruin sad dominion keep;
Though tyrant duty o'er me threatening stands,
And claims obedience to her stern commands:

Should fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
Her smile or frown shall never change my love!
My heart, that now must every joy resign,
Incapable of change, is only thine!—
O cease to weep! this storm will yet decay,
And these sad clouds of sorrow melt away.
While through the rugged path of life we go,
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.
The famed and great, decreed to equal pain,
Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain.
For this prosperity, with brighter ray,
In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.
Thou too, sweet maid! ere twice ten months are o'er
Shalt hail Palemon to his native shore,
Where never interest shall divide us more.'
Her struggling soul, o'erwhelm'd with tender grief,
Now found an interval of short relief:
So melts the surface of the frozen stream,
Beneath the wintry sun's departing beam.
With warning haste the shades of night withdrew,
And gave the signal of a sad adieu.
As on my neck th' afflicted maiden hung,
A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung;
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave!
With soft persuasion I dispell'd her fear,
And from her cheek beguiled the falling tear.
While dying fondness languish'd in her eyes,
She pour'd her soul to heaven in suppliant sighs—
Look down with pity, oh! ye powers above,
Who hear the sad complaint of bleeding love!
Ye, who the secret laws of fate explore,
Alone can tell if he returns no more:

Or if the hour of future joy remain,
Long-wish'd atonement of long-suffer'd pain!
Bid every guardian minister attend,
And from all ill the much-loved youth defend!
With grief o'erwhelm'd we parted twice in vain!
And, urged by strong attraction, met again.
At last, by cruel fortune torn apart,
While tender passion stream'd in either heart,
Our eyes transfix'd with agonizing look,
One sad farewell, one last embrace we took.
Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,
Pensive and pale; of every joy bereft.
She to her silent couch retired to weep,
While her sad swain embark'd upon the deep.

DEATH OF PALEMON.

Palemon then, with cruel pangs oppress'd,
In faltering accents thus his friend address'd:
'O rescued from destruction late so nigh,
Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie;
Are we then exiled to this last retreat
Of life, unhappy! thus decreed to meet?
Ah! how unlike what yester-morn enjoy'd,
Enchanting hopes, for ever now destroy'd!
For wounded far beyond all healing power,
Palemon dies, and this his final hour:
By those fell breakers, where in vain I strove,
At once cut off from fortune, life, and love!
Far other scenes must soon present my sight,
That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold night.



As thus defaced in death Palemon lay,
Arion gaz'd upon the lifeless clay.

Canto III

Ah! wretched father of a wretched son,
Whom thy paternal prudence has undone!
How will remembrance of this blinded care
Bend down thy head with anguish and despair!
Such dire effects from avarice arise,
That, deaf to nature's voice, and vainly wise,
With force severe endeavours to control
The noblest passions that inspire the soul.
But O, thou sacred Power! whose law connects
Th' eternal chain of causes and effects,
Let not thy chastening ministers of rage
Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age!
And you, Arion! who with these the last
Of all our crew survive the Shipwreck past—
Ah! cease to mourn! those friendly tears restrain!
Nor give my dying moments keener pain!
Since heaven may soon thy wandering steps restore,
When parted hence, to England's distant shore;
Shouldst thou, th' unwilling messenger of fate,
To him the tragic story first relate,
Oh! friendship's generous ardour then suppress!
Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress;
Nor let each horrid incident sustain
The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.
Ah! then remember well my last request
For her who reigns for ever in my breast;
Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
The helpless maid to succour and defend.
Say, I this suit implored with parting breath,
So heaven befriend him at his hour of death!
But oh! to lovely Anna shouldst thou tell
What dire untimely end thy friend befell,
Draw o'er the dismal scene soft pity's veil,
And lightly touch the lamentable tale.

Say, that my love, inviolably true,
No change, no diminution, ever knew;
Lo! her bright image, pendent on my neck,
Is all Palemon rescued from the wreck;
Take it and say, when panting in the wave,
I struggled, life and this alone to save!

'My soul that fluttering hastens to be free,
Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee,
But strives in vain!—the chilling ice of death
Congeals my blood, and choaks the stream of breath:
Resign'd she quits her comfortless abode,
To course that long, unknown, eternal road.—
O sacred Source of ever-living light!
Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight!
Direct her onward to that peaceful shore,
Where peril, pain, and death, are felt no more!

'When thou some tale of hapless love shalt hear,
That steals from pity's eye the melting tear,
Of two chaste hearts, by mutual passion join'd,
To absence, sorrow, and despair, consign'd,
Oh! then, to swell the tides of social woe,
That heal th' afflicted bosom they o'erflow,
While Memory dictates, this sad Shipwreck tell,
And what distress thy wretched friend befell!
Then, while in streams of soft compassion drown'd,
The swains lament, and maidens weep around:
While lisping children, touch'd with infant fear,
With wonder gaze, and drop th' unconscious tear;
Oh! then this moral bid their souls retain—
All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain.'

The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,
That now inactive to the palate clung;
His bosom heaves a mortal groan—he dies!
And shades eternal sink upon his eyes!

As thus defaced in death Palemon lay,
Arion gazed upon the lifeless clay;
Transfix'd he stood, with awful terror fill'd,
While down his cheek the silent drops distill'd.
Oh, ill-starr'd votary of unspotted truth!
Untimely perish'd in the bloom of youth,
Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
He will obey, though painful thy demand:
His tongue the dreadful story shall display,
And all the horrors of this dismal day!
Disastrous day! what ruin hast thou bred!
What anguish to the living and the dead!
How hast thou left the widow all forlorn,
And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn;
Through life's sad journey hopeless to complain!
Can sacred Justice these events ordain?
But, O my soul! avoid that wondrous maze,
Where reason, lost in endless error, strays!
As through this thorny vale of life we run,
Great Cause of all effects, 'Thy will be done"

LLOYD.

THE CIT'S COUNTRY BOX.

The wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair,
Old *Dobbin*, or the founder'd mare;
While wedged in closely by his side,
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,

With *Jacky* on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike, half a mile,
How all the country seems to smile!
And as they slowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weather;
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for every house she sees,
Admires its views, its situation,
And thus she opens her oration:
What signify the loads of wealth,
Without that richest jewel, health?
Excuse the fondness of a wife,
Who doats upon your precious life!
Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
Is more than human strength can bear.
One may observe it in your face—
Indeed, my dear, you break apace:
And nothing can your health repair,
But exercise and country air,
Sir Traffic has a house, you know,
About a mile from *Cheney-Row;*
He 's a *good* man, indeed 'tis true,
But not so *warm*, my dear, as you:
And folks are always apt to sneer—
One would not be out-done, my dear!
Sir Traffic's name so well applied
Awaked his brother merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmost deference to his wife,
Confess'd her arguments had reason,
And by th' approaching summer season,
Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
And purchases his Country Box.

Some three or four miles out of town
(An hour's ride will bring you down),
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road;
And so convenient does it lay,
The stages pass it every day:
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
To have a house so near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar
You 're set down at the very door.
Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
White-washing, painting, scrubbing past,
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fuss of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred!
And wanton in my lady's head.
Well, to be sure, it must be own'd,
It is a charming spot of ground;
So sweet a distance for a ride,
And all about so *countrified!*
'Twould come but to a trifling price
To make it quite a paradise;
I cannot bear those nasty rails,
Those ugly broken mouldy pales:
Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
We build a railing all Chinese.
Although one hates to be exposed,
'Tis dismal to be thus enclosed;
One hardly any object sees—
I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
Objects continual passing by
Were something to amuse the eye,
But to be pent within the walls—
One might as well be at St. Paul's.

Our house, beholders would adore,
Was there a level lawn before,
Nothing its views to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road;
While every traveller in amaze,
Should on our little mansion gaze,
And pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, That 's Sir Thrifty's Country Seat.
No doubt her arguments prevail,
For Madam's *taste* can never fail.
Bless'd age! when all men may procure,
The title of a Connoisseur;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a single word;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears a hundred Christian names,
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Goût,
Whim, Caprice, Je-ne-scai-quoi, Virtù,
Which appellations all describe
Taste, and the modern *tasteful* tribe.
Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists, and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wondrous reformation.
The useful dome, which secret stood,
Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The traveller with amazement sees
A temple, gothic, or Chinese,
With many a bell, and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon;
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water, four foot wide,
With angles, curves, and zig-zag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs.

But nothing could a charm impart.
To soothe the stranger's woe.

In front, a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green,
Where Taste would want its first great law,
But for the skulking, sly *ha-ha*,
By whose miraculous assistance,
You gain a prospect two fields' distance.
And now from Hyde-Park Corner come
The gods of Athens, and of Rome:
Her squabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumsy Graces:
Apollo there, with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there, without the power to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.
The villa thus completely graced,
All own that Thrifty has a taste;
And Madam's female friends, and cousins,
With common-council-men, by dozens,
Flock every Sunday to the Seat,
To stare about them—and to eat.

GOLDSMITH.

THE HERMIT.

'Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

'For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem length'ning as I go.'

'Forbear, my son,' the hermit cries,
'To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

'Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

'Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing, and repose.

'No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn:
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them:

'But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruit supplied,
And water from the spring.

'Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.'

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath his humble thatch
Required a master's care;
The wicket opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd and smiled;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
With answering care oppress'd:
'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cried,
'The sorrows of thy breast?

'From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

'Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

'And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

'And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair-one's jest:
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

'For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex,' he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Suprised, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies—
As bright, as transient too.

A bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confess'd
A maid in all her charms!

And, 'Ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn,' she cried;
'Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where Heaven and you reside.

'But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

'My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

'To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd a flame.

'Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove:
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

'In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

'The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

'The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

'For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

'Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

'But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

'And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.'

'Forbid it, Heaven!' the Hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wondering fair-one turn'd to chide—
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

'Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

'Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that 's mine?

'No, never from this hour to part,
We 'll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too.'

ON FREEDOM.

(FROM THE TRAVELLER.)

THINE, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed, were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by Freedom ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown!

Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought the general system feels
Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.
Nor this the worst. As Nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour, fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stripp'd of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.
Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure;
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward, grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

THE COUNTRY CURATE.

(FROM THE DESERTED VILLAGE.)

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The Village Preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor ere had changed, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain,
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits, or their faults, to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies:
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.

The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

(FROM THE DESERTED VILLAGE.)

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;

Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

LANGHORNE.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.

Ah scenes beloved! ah conscious shades,
That wave these parent-vales along!
Ye bowers where Fancy met the tuneful maids,
Ye mountains vocal with my Doric song,
Teach your wild echoes to complain
In sighs of solemn woe, in broken sounds of pain—

For her I mourn,
Now the cold tenant of the thoughtless urn—
For her bewail these strains of woe,
For her these filial sorrows flow;
Source of my life, that led my tender years,
With all a parent's pious fears,
That nursed my infant thought, and taught my mind
to grow.

Careful, she mark'd each dangerous way,
Where youth's unwary footsteps stray :
She taught the struggling passions to subside ;
Where sacred truth and reason guide,
In virtue's glorious path to seek the realms of day.

Lamented goodness ! yet I see
The fond affections melting in her eye ;
She bends its tearful orb on me,
And heaves the tender sigh ;
As, thoughtful, she the toil surveys,
That crowd in life's perplexing maze,
And for her children feels again
All, all that love can fear, and all that fear can feign.

O best of parents ! let me pour
My sorrows o'er thy silent bed :
There early strew the vernal flower,
The parting tear at evening shed—
Alas ! are these the only meed
Of each kind thought, each virtuous deed,
These fruitless offerings that embalm the dead ?

Then, fairy-feated Hope, forbear—
No more thy fond illusions spread
Thy shadowy scenes dissolved in air,
Thy visionary prospects fled ;
With her they fled, at whose lamented shrine,
Love, gratitude, and duty, mingled tears,
Condemn'd each filial office to resign,
Nor hopeful more to sooth her long-declining years.

H Gerbould W Finden

The trembling boy by flight his safety sought

ON THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

The trembling boy by flight his safety sought,
And now recall'd the lore which Venus taught,
But now too late to fly the boar he strove,
Who in the groin his tusks impetuous drove,
On the discolour'd grass Adonis lay,
The monster trampling o'er his beauteous prey.

FROM THE GREEK OF BION.

Adonis dead, the muse of woe shall mourn;
Adonis dead, the weeping loves return.
The Queen of Beauty o'er his tomb shall shed
Her flowing sorrows for Adonis dead;
For earth's cold lap her velvet couch forego,
And robes of purple for the weeds of woe.
Adonis dead, the muse of woe shall mourn:
Adonis dead, the weeping loves return.
Stretch'd on this mountain thy torn lover lies,
Weep, Queen of beauty! for he bleeds—he dies.
Ah! yet behold life's last drops faintly flow,
In streams of purple, o'er those limbs of snow!
From the pale cheek the perish'd roses fly;
And death dims slow the ghastly gazing eye.
Kiss, kiss those fading lips, ere chill'd in death;
With soothing fondness stay the fleeting breath.
'Tis vain—ah! give the soothing fondness o'er!
Adonis feels the warm salute no more.
Adonis dead, the muse of woe shall mourn;
Adonis dead, the weeping loves return:
His faithful dogs bewail their master slain,
And mourning Dryads pour the plaintive strain.
Not the fair youth alone the wound oppress'd,
The Queen of beauty bears it in her breast.

Her feet unsandled, floating wild her hair,
Her aspect woful, and her bosom bare,
Distress'd, she wanders the wild wastes forlorn,
Her sacred limbs by ruthless brambles torn,
Loud as she grieves, surrounding rocks complain,
And Echo through the long vales calls her absent swain.
Adonis hears not: Life's last drops fall slow,
In streams of purple, down his limbs of snow.
The weeping Cupids round their Queen deplore,
And mourn her beauty, and her love no more.
Each rival grace, that glow'd with conscious pride,
Each charm of Venus, with Adonis died.
Adonis dead, the vocal hills bemoan,
And hollow groves return the saddening groan.
The swelling floods with sea-born Venus weep,
And roll in mournful murmurs to the deep:
In melting tears the mountain-springs comply;
The flowers, low-drooping, blush with grief and die.
Cythera's groves with strains of sorrow ring;
The dirge funereal her sad cities sing.
Hark! pitying echoes Venus' sighs return;
When Venus sighs, can aught forbear to mourn?

But when she saw her fainting lover lie,
The wide wound gaping on the withering thigh;
But streaming when she saw life's purple tide,
Stretch'd her fair arms, with trembling voice she cried:

Yet stay, loved youth! a moment ere we part,
O let me kiss thee!——hold thee to my heart!
A little moment, dear Adonis! stay!
And kiss thy Venus, ere those lips are clay.

Let those dear lips by mine once more be press'd,
Till thy last breath expire into my breast;
Then, when life's ebbing pulse scarce scarce can move,
I'll catch thy soul, and drink thy dying love.
That last-left pledge, shall sooth my tortured breast,
When thou art gone ———
When, far from me, thy gentle ghost explores
Infernal Pluto's grimly-glooming shores.

Wretch that I am! immortal and divine,
In life imprison'd whom the fates confine.
He comes! receive him to thine iron-arms;
Bless'd Queen of death! receive the Prince of charms:
For happier thou, to whose wide realms repair
Whatever lovely, and whatever fair.
The smiles of joy, the golden hours, are fled:
Grief, only grief, survives Adonis dead.

The loves around in idle sorrow stand,
And the dim torch falls from the vacant hand.
Hence the vain zone! the myrtle's flowery pride!
Delight and beauty with Adonis died.

Why did'st thou, venturous, the wild chase explore,
From his dark lair to rouse the tusky boar?
Far other sport might those fair limbs essay,
Than the rude combat, or the savage fray.

Thus Venus grieved——the Cupids round deplore;
And mourn her beauty, and her love no more.
Now flowing tears in silent grief complain,
Mix with the purple streams, and flood the plain.
Yet not in vain those sacred drops shall flow,
The purple streams in blushing roses glow:
And catching life from every falling tear,
Their azure heads anemonies shall rear.

But cease in vain to cherish dire despair,
Nor mourn unpitied to the mountain-air,
The last sad office let thy hand supply,
Stretch the stiff limbs, and close the glaring eye.
That form reposed beneath the bridal vest,
May cheat thy sorrows with the feint of rest.
For lovely smile those lips, though void of breath,
And fair those features in the shade of death.
Haste, fill with flowers, with rosy wreaths, his bed;
Perish the flowers! the Prince of beauty 's dead.
Round the pale corse each breathing essence strew,
Let weeping myrtles pour their balmy dew;
Perish the balms, unable to restore
Those vital sweets of love that charm no more!

'Tis done——Behold, with purple robes array'd,
In mournful state the clay-cold limbs are laid.
The loves lament with all the rage of woe,
Stamp on the dart, and break the useless bow.
Officious these the watery urn supply,
Unbind the buskin'd leg, and wash the bleeding thigh.
O'er the pale body those their light wings wave,
As yet, though vain, solicitous to save.

All, wild with grief, their hapless Queen deplore,
And mourn her beauty, and her love no more.
Dejected Hymen droops his head forlorn,
His torch extinct, and flowery tresses torn:
For nuptial airs, and songs of joy, remain
The sad, slow dirge, the sorrow-breathing strain:
Who would not, when Adonis dies, deplore?
Who would not weep when Hymen smiles no more?
The Graces mourn the Prince of beauty slain,
Loud as Dione on her native main:

The fates relenting join the general woe,
And call the lover from the realms below.
Vain hopeless grief! can living sounds pervade
The dark, dead regions of eternal shade?
Spare, Venus, spare that too luxuriant tear
For the long sorrows of the mournful year.

HYMN TO HUMANITY.

I.

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to Sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity.

II.

Come, ever welcome to my breast!
A tender, but a cheerful guest.
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;
For sorrow, long-indulged and slow,
Is to Humanity a foe;
And grief, that makes the heart its prey,
Wears sensibility away.
Then comes, sweet nymph, instead of thee,
The gloomy fiend, Stupidity.

III.

O may that fiend be banish'd far,
Though passions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me cease to know
The pulse that throbs at joy or woe.

Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private or from social woes,
E'er make this pleasing sense depart.
Ye Cares, O harden not my heart!

IV.

If the fair star of fortune smile,
Let not its flattering power beguile.
Nor, borne along the favouring tide,
My full sails swell with bloating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering still it was but lent;
To modest merit spread my store,
Unbar my hospitable door;
Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While Want unpitied pines in vain.

V.

If Heaven, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Through poverty's uneven road,
And, for the due bread of the day,
Destined to toil as well as pray;
To thee, Humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch, that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

VI.

Howe'er exalted, or depress'd,
Be ever mine the feeling breast,

From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclined ;
The soul that one long sabbath keeps,
And through the sun's whole circle sleeps ;
Dull Peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
And self-attending Vanity.
Alike, the foolish and the vain
Are strangers to the sense humane.

VII.

O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye survey'd
Sion in future ashes laid ;
Or, raised to heaven, implored the bread
That thousands in the desert fed !
Or, when the heart o'er friendship's grave
Sigh'd—and forgot its power to save——
O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow !

VIII.

It comes : it fills my labouring breast,
I feel my beating heart oppress'd.
Oh ! hear that lonely widow's wail !
See her dim eye ! her aspect pale !
To Heaven she turns in deep despair,
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And, mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands, and cry.
O God ! their moving sorrows see !
Support them, sweet Humanity !

IX.

Life, fill'd with grief's distressful train,
For ever asks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconscious grove
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part——to meet no more.
Assist them, hearts from anguish free!
Assist them, sweet Humanity!

X.

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to Sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

BLACKSTONE.

THE LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.

As by some tyrant's stern command
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemn'd to roam
An endless exile from his home;
Pensive he treads the destined way,
And dreads to go, nor dares to stay;

Till on some neighbouring mountain's brow
He stops, and turns his eyes below;
Then, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu;
So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,
Gay Queen of Fancy and of Art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
How blithsome were we wont to rove
By verdant hill or shady grove,
Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
Around the honey'd oak rejoice,
And aged elms with awful bend
In long cathedral walks extend!
Lull'd by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods,
How bless'd my days, my thoughts how free
In sweet society with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded roll'd along:
But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
Those scenes must charm me now no more;
Lost to the fields, and torn from you,—
Farewell!—a long, a last adieu.

Me wrangling courts, and stubborn law,
To smoke, and crowds, and cities, draw:
There selfish faction rules the day,
And pride and avarice throng the way;
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;

Loose revelry and riot bold
In frighted streets their orgies hold;
Or, where in silence all is drown'd,
Fell Murder walks his lonely round;
No room for peace, no room for you,
Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu!

Shakspeare no more, thy sylvan son,
Nor all the art of Addison,
Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self, must please:
Instead of thee a formal band
In furs and coifs around me stand;
With sounds uncouth and accents dry,
That grate the soul of harmony:
Each pedant sage unlocks his store
Of mystic, dark, discordant lore;
And points with tottering hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.

There, in a winding close retreat,
Is justice doom'd to fix her seat;
There, fenced by bulwarks of the law,
She keeps the wondering world in awe;
And there, from vulgar sight retired,
Like eastern queens, is more admired.

O let me pierce the secret shade
Where dwells the venerable maid!
There humbly mark, with reverend awe,
The guardian of Britannia's law;
Unfold with joy her sacred page,
Th' united boast of many an age;
Where mix'd, yet uniform, appears
The wisdom of a thousand years.

In that pure spring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true;
And other doctrines thence imbibe
Than lurk within the sordid scribe;
Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right;
See countless wheels distinctly tend
By various laws to one great end:
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades and regulates the whole.

Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns, of life,
The visage wan, the purblind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling Hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!
Thus, though my noon of life be past,
Yet let my setting sun, at last,
Find out the still, the rural cell,
Where sage Retirement loves to dwell!
There let me taste the homefelt bliss
Of innocence and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe,
Uncursed amid the harpy tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
My honour and my conscience clear;
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend.

JOHNSON.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

WOLSEY.

In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower;
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies, oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

CHARLES XII.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;

O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
'Think nothing gain'd,' he cried, 'till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing Glory! hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shews his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

CONCLUSION.

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer.
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of heaven ordain,
These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

ON THE OPENING OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new:

Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisting passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach essay'd the heart:
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays;
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art or Shakspeare's flame.
Themselves they studied; as they felt, they writ:
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days.
Their cause was general, their supports were strong;
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long:
Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refined,
For years the power of tragedy declined;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd whilst passion slept;
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd though nature fled.
But forced at length her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit;
Exulting folly hail'd the joyous day,
And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps where Lear has raved, and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet* may dance.

Hard is his lot that here by fortune placed,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice:
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature and reviving sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

* Hunt, a famous boxer on the stage; Mahomet, a rope-dancer, who had exhibited at Covent-Garden theatre the winter before, said to be a Turk.

LOGAN.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee,
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

The peace of Heaven attend thy shade,
My early friend, my favourite maid!
When life was new, companions gay,
We hail'd the morning of our day.

Ah, with what joy did I behold
The flower of beauty fair unfold!
And fear'd no storm to blast thy bloom,
Or bring thee to an early tomb!

Untimely gone! for ever fled
The roses of the cheek so red,
Th' affection warm, the temper mild,
The sweetness that in sorrow smiled.

Alas! the cheek where beauty glow'd,
The heart whose goodness overflow'd,
A clod amid the valley lies,
And 'dust to dust' the mourner cries.

O from thy kindred early torn,
And to thy grave untimely borne!
Vanish'd for ever from my view,
Thou sister of my soul, adieu!

Fair with my first ideas twined,
Thine image oft will meet my mind;
And, while remembrance brings thee near,
Affection sad will drop a tear.

How oft does sorrow bend the head
Before we dwell among the dead!
Scarce in the years of manly prime,
I've often wept the wrecks of time.

What tragic tears bedew the eye!
What deaths we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more!

No after friendship e'er can raise
Th' endearments of our early days;
And near the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love.

Affection dies, a vernal flower;
And love, the blossom of an hour;
The spring of fancy cares control,
And mar the beauty of the soul.

Versed in the commerce of deceit,
How soon the heart begins to beat!
The blood runs cold at interest's call:—
The look with equal eyes on all.

Then lovely nature is expell'd,
And friendship is romantic held;
Then prudence comes with hundred eyes:—
The veil is rent: the vision flies.

The dear illusions will not last;
The era of enchantment 's past;
The wild romance of life is done;
The real history is begun.

The sallies of the soul are o'er,
The feast of fancy is no more;
And ill the banquet is supplied
By form, by gravity, by pride.

Ye gods! whatever ye withhold,
Let my affections ne'er grow old;
Ne'er may the human glow depart,
Nor nature yield to frigid art!

Still may the generous bosom burn,
Though doom'd to bleed o'er beauty's urn;
And still the friendly face appear,
Though moisten'd with a tender tear.

OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

O THOU whose beams the sea-girt earth array,
King of the sky, and father of the day!
O Sun! what fountain, hid from human eyes,
Supplies thy circle round the radiant skies,
For ever burning and for ever bright,
With heaven's pure fire, and everlasting light?
What awful beauty in thy face appears!
Immortal youth, beyond the power of years!
When gloomy darkness to thy reign resigns,
And from the gates of morn thy glory shines,
The conscious stars are put to sudden flight,
And all the planets hide their heads in night,
The queen of heaven forsakes th' ethereal plain,
To sink inglorious in the western main.
The clouds refulgent deck thy golden throne,
High in the heavens, immortal and alone!
Who can abide the brightness of thy face!
Or who attend thee in thy rapid race?
The mountain oaks, like their own leaves, decay;
Themselves the mountains wear with age away;
The boundless main that rolls from land to land,
Lessens, at times, and leaves a waste of sand;
The silver moon, refulgent lamp of night,
Is lost in heaven, and emptied of her light:
But thou for ever shalt endure the same,
Thy light eternal, and unspent thy flame.

When tempests with their train impend on high,
Darken the day, and load the labouring sky;
When heaven's wide convex glows with lightnings dire,
All ether flaming, and all earth on fire;
When loud and long the deep-mouth'd thunder rolls
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles!
If from the opening clouds thy form appears,
Her wonted charm the face of nature wears;
Thy beauteous orb restores departed day,
Looks from the sky, and laughs the storm away.

WHITEHEAD.

ANN BOLEYN TO HENRY THE EIGHTH.

If sighs could soften, or distress could move
Obdurate hearts, and bosoms dead to love,
Already sure these tears had ceased to flow,
And Henry's smiles relieved his Anna's woe.
Yet still I write, still breathe a fruitless prayer,
The last fond effort of extreme despair:
As some poor shipwreck'd wretch, for ever lost,
In strong delusion grasps the lessening coast,
Thinks it still near, howe'er the billows drive,
And but with life resigns the hopes to live.
You bid me live; but oh how dire the means!
Virtue starts back, and conscious pride disdains.
Confess my crime?—what crime shall I confess?
In what strange terms the hideous falsehood dress?
A vile adulteress! Heaven defend my fame!
Condemn'd for acting what I fear'd to name.

Blast the foul wretch, whose impious tongue could dare
With sounds like those to wound the royal ear.
To wound?—alas! they only pleased too well,
And cruel Henry smiled when Anna fell.

Why was I raised, why bade to shine on high
A pageant queen, an earthly deity?
This flower of beauty, small, and void of art,
Too weak to fix a mighty sovereign's heart,
In life's low vale its humbler charms had spread,
While storms roll'd harmless o'er its shelter'd head:
Had found, perhaps, a kinder gatherer's hand,
Grown to his breast, and, by his care sustain'd,
Had bloom'd a while, then, gradual in decay,
Graced with a tear had calmly pass'd away.

Yet, when thus raised, I taught my chaste desires
To know their lord, and burn with equal fires.
Why then these bonds? is this that regal state
The fair expects whom Henry bids be great?
Are these lone walls and never-varied scenes
The envied mansion of Britannia's queens?
Where distant sounds in hollow murmurs die,
Where moss-grown towers obstruct the travelling eye,
Where o'er dim suns eternal damps prevail,
And health ne'er enters wafted by the gale.
How cursed the wretch, to such sad scenes confined,
If guilt's dread scorpions lash his tortured mind,
When injured innocence is taught to fear,
And coward virtue weeps and trembles here!

Nay, e'en when sleep should every care allay,
And softly steal th' imprison'd soul away,
Quick to my thoughts excursive fancy brings
Long visionary trains of martyr'd kings.
There pious Henry recent from the blow,

There ill-starr'd Edward * lifts his infant brow.
Unhappy prince! thy weak defenceless age
Might soften rocks, or sooth the tiger's rage;
But not on these thy harder fates depend,
Man, man pursues, and murder is his end.
Such may my child,† such dire protectors find,
Through avarice cruel, through ambition blind.
No kind condolence in her utmost need,
Her friends all banish'd, and her parent dead!
O hear me, Henry, husband, father, hear,
If e'er those names were gracious in thy ear,
Since I must die (and so thy ease requires,
For love admits not of divided fires),
O to thy babe thy tenderest cares extend,
As parent cherish, and as king defend!
Transferr'd to her, with transport I resign
Thy faithless heart—if e'er that heart was mine.
Nor may remorse thy guilty cheek inflame,
When the fond prattler lisps her mother's name;
No tear start conscious when she meets your eye,
No heartfelt pang extort th' unwilling sigh,
Lest she should find, and strong is Nature's call,
I fell untimely, and lament my fall;
Forget that duty which high Heaven commands,
And meet strict justice from a father's hands.
No, rather say what malice can invent,
My crimes enormous, small my punishment.
Pleased will I view from yon securer shore
Life, virtue, love too lost, and weep no more
If in your breasts the bonds of union grow,
And undisturb'd the streams of duty flow.

* Henry VI. and Edward V., both murdered in the Tower.
† Afterward Queen Elizabeth.

—Yet can I tamely court the lifted steel,
Nor honour's wounds with strong resentment feel?
Ye Powers! that thought improves e'en Terror's king,
Adds horrors to his brow, and torments to his sting.
No, try me, Prince; each word, each action weigh,
My rage could dictate, or my fears betray;
Each sigh, each smile, each distant hint that hung
On broken sounds of an unmeaning tongue.
Recount each glance of these unguarded eyes,
The seats where passion void of reason lies;
In those clear mirrors every thought appears;
Tell all their frailties—oh explain their tears.

Yes, try me, Prince; but ah! let truth prevail,
And justice only hold the equal scale.
Ah! let not those the fatal sentence give,
Whom brothers blush to own, yet courts receive;
Base, vulgar souls—and shall such wretches raise
A queen's concern? to fear them, were to praise.

Yet oh (dread thought!) oh must I, must I say,
Henry commands, and these constrain'd obey?
Too well I know his faithless bosom pants
For charms, alas! which hapless Anna wants.
Yet once those charms this faded face could boast,
Too cheaply yielded, and too quickly lost.
Will she,* O think, whom now your snares pursue,
Will she for ever please, be ever new?
Or must she, meteor like, awhile be great,
Then weeping fall, and share thy Anna's fate?

Misguided maid! who now perhaps has form'd,
In transport melting, with ambition warm'd,
Long future greatness in ecstatic schemes,
Loose plans of wild delight, and golden dreams!

* Lady Jane Seymour.

Alas! she knows not with how swift decay
Those visionary glories fleet away.
Alas! she knows not the sad time will come,
When Henry's eyes to other nymphs shall roam:
When she shall vainly sigh, plead, tremble, rave,
And drop, perhaps, a tear on Anna's grave.
Else would she sooner trust the wintry sea,
Rocks, deserts, monsters—any thing than thee:
Thee, whom deceit inspires, whose every breath
Sooths to despair, and every smile is death.
Fool that I was! I saw my rising fame
Gild the sad ruins of a nobler name.*
For me the force of sacred ties disown'd,
A realm insulted, and a queen dethroned.
Yet, fondly wild, by love, by fortune led,
Excused the crime, and shared the guilty bed.
With specious reason lull'd each rising care,
And hugg'd destruction in a form so fair.
'Tis just, ye Powers; no longer I complain,
Vain be my tears, my boasted virtues vain;
Let rage, let flames, this destined wretch pursue,
Who begs to die—but begs that death from you.
Ah! why must Henry the dread mandate seal?
Why must his hand uninjured point the steel?
Say, for you search the images that roll
In deep recesses of the inmost soul,
Say, did ye e'er amid those numbers find
One wish disloyal, or one thought unkind?
Then snatch me, blast me, let the lightning's wing
Avert this stroke, and save the guilty king.
Let not my blood, by lawless passion shed,
Draw down Heaven's vengeance on his sacred head,

* Catharine of Arragon.

But nature's power prevent the dire decree,
And my hard lord without a crime be free.
Still, still I live, Heaven hears not what I say,
Or turns, like Henry, from my prayers away.
Rejected, lost, O whither shall I fly,
I fear not death, yet dread the means to die.
To thee, O God, to thee again I come,
The sinner's refuge, and the wretch's home.
Since such thy will, farewell my blasted fame,
Let foul detraction seize my injured name:
No pang, no fear, no fond concern, I'll know,
Nay, smile in death, though Henry gives the blow.
And now, resign'd, my bosom lighter grows,
And Hope, soft-beaming, brightens all my woes.
Release me, earth; ye mortal bonds, untie:
Why loiters Henry, when I pant to die?
For angels call, heaven opens at the sound,
And glories blaze, and mercy streams around.
Adieu, ye fanes,* whose purer flames anew
Rose with my rise, and as I flourish'd grew.
Well may ye now my weak protection spare,
The power that fix'd you shall preserve you there.
Small was my part, yet all I could employ,
And Heaven repays it with eternal joy.
Thus rapt, O king, thus labouring to be free,
My gentlest passport still depends on thee.
My hovering soul, though raised to heaven by prayer,
Still bends to earth, and finds one sorrow there;
Breathes for another's life its latest groan—
Resign'd and happy, might I part alone!

* Her marriage with King Henry was a means of introducing the Protestant religion, of which she was a great patroness.

Why frowns my lord?—ere yet the stroke 's
decreed,
O hear a sister for a brother* plead.
By Heaven he 's wrong'd.—Alas! why that to you?
You know he 's wrong'd—you know, and yet pursue.
Unhappy youth! what anguish he endures!
Was it for this he press'd me to be yours,
When lingering, wavering on the brink I stood,
And eyed obliquely the too tempting flood?
Was it for this his lavish tongue display'd
A monarch's graces to a love-sick maid?
With studied art consenting nature fired,
And forced my will to what it most desired?
Did he, enchanted by the flattering scene,
Delude the sister, and exalt the queen,
To fall attendant on that sister's shade,
And die a victim with the queen he made?
And, witness Heaven, I'd bear to see him die,
Did not that thought bring back the dreadful *why:*
The blasting foulness, that must still defame
Our lifeless ashes, and united name.
—Ah stop, my soul, nor let one thought pursue
That fatal track, to wake thy pangs anew.—
Perhaps some pitying bard shall save from death
Our mangled fame, and teach our woes to breathe;
Some kind historian's pious leaves display
Our hapless loves, and wash the stains away.
Fair Truth shall bless them, Virtue guard their cause,
And every chaste-eyed matron weep applause.
Yet, though no bard should sing, or sage record,
I still shall vanquish my too faithless lord;
Shall see at last my injured cause prevail,
When pitying angels hear the mournful tale.

† George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford.

—And must thy wife, by Heaven's severe command,
Before his throne thy sad accuser stand?
O Henry, chain my tongue, thy guilt atone,
Prevent my sufferings—ah! prevent thy own!
Or hear me, Heaven, since Henry's still unkind,
With strong repentance touch his guilty mind:
And oh! when anguish tears his labouring soul,
Through his rack'd breast when keenest horrors roll,
When, weeping, groveling in the dust he lies,
An humbled wretch, a bleeding sacrifice,
Then let me bear ('tis all my griefs shall claim,
For life's lost honours and polluted fame)
Then let me bear thy mandate from on high,
With kind forgiveness let his Anna fly,
From every pang the much-loved sufferer free,
And breathe that mercy he denies to me.

SIR WM. JONES.

A PERSIAN SONG OF HAFIZ.

Sweet maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say;

Tell them, their Eden cannot shew
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks where living roses blow,
Where Nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of Art?

Speak not of fate: ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine;
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That e'en the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy:
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage):

While music charms the ravish'd ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard?
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But O! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

BURNS.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN, ESQ.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.—*Gray.*

My loved, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise;
To you I sing in simple Scottish lays,

H. Corbould. C. Heath.

Th' expectant wee things, toddlin, stacher thro'
To meet their dad wi' flichterin noise an glee.
Cotters Saturday Night

The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;[a]
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things,[b] todlin,[c] stacher[d] thro',
To meet their dad wi' flichterin[e] noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle[f] blinkin' bonnilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve[g] the elder bairns come drappin' in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie[h] rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town;

a The continued rushing noise of a strong wind.
b Little children. *c* Tottering. *d* Stagger.
e Fluttering. *f* Small fire-place. *g* By and bye. *h* Carefully.

Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers :[i]
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos[k] that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars[l] auld claes look amaist[m] as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their masters' and their mistresses' command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent[n] hand,
An' ne'er, though out o'sight, to jauk[o] or play;
An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your *duty*, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang[p] astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;

i To inquire. k Strange sights, tales, or stories. l Makes.
m Almost. n Diligent. o Dally, or trifle. p Go.

Wi' heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins[q] is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears, it's nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;[r]
A strappan youth; he taks the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye;
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate[s] and laithfu',[t] scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
Weel pleased to think her bairn[u]'s respected like the lave.[w]

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

Is there in human form that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,[x]

q Partly. r Into the country parlour. s Bashful.
t Sheepish. u Child. w The rest, the others. x Sorrow.

Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board!
The halesome parritch,[y] chief o' Scotia's food:
The soup their only hawkie[z] does afford,
That 'yont[a] the hallan[b] snugly chows her cud:
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck[c] fell;[d]
An' aft he's press'd, an' aft he ca's it good;
The frugal wifie, garrulous will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld,[e] sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle,[g] form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big Ha'-Bible,[h] ance his father's pride:
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart[i] haffets[k] wearin' thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales[l] a portion with judicious care;
And '*Let us worship God!*' he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy o' the name:
And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion weak and vile!
Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,

y Wholesome porridge. *z* Cow. *a* Beyond.
b A partition-wall in a cottage, or a seat of turf at the outside.
c Well saved or well-kept cheese.
d Well savoured, of good relish. *e* A twelvemonth old.
f Since flax was in the flower. *g* Fire-place.
h The large Hall Bible. *i* Grey, or of a mixed colour.
k Temples—side of the head. *l* Chooses, selects.

A *virtuous populace* may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part;
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert:
But still the *patriot* and the *patriot bard*,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

LAMENT,

FOR JAMES EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

The wind blew hollow frae[a] the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream.
Beneath a craigy steep, a Bard,
Laden with years and meikle[b] pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom Death had all untimely taen.[c]

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,[d]
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years,
His locks were bleached white wi' time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears!
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tuned his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting through their caves,
To echo bore the notes alang:

a From. *b* Much. *c* Taken. *d* Oak.

'Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
The reliques of the vernal choir!
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the aged year!
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e,
But nocht[e] in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

'I am a bending aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hald[f] of earth is gane:
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

'I've seen sae monie changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown:
Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
I bear alane my lade o' care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

'And last (the sum of a' my griefs!)
My noble master lies in clay;
The flower amang our barons bold,
His country's pride, his country's stay:
In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

e Nought. *f* Hold.

'Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
The voice of woe and wild despair!
Awake! resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the Bard
Thou brought from Fortune's mirkest[g] gloom.

'In poverty's low barren vale,
Thick mists, obscure, involved me round;
Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found:
Thou found'st me like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless Bard and rustic song,
Became alike thy fostering care.

'Oh! why has worth so short a date?
While villains ripen grey with time!
Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime?
Why did I live to see that day?
A day to me so full of woe!
Oh! had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low!

'The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!'

[g] Darkest.

PRAYER FOR MARY.

Powers celestial, whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander
Let my Mary be your care:
Let her form, sae fair and faultless,
Fair and faultless as your own;
Let my Mary's kindred spirit,
Draw your choicest influence down.
Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast;
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Sooth her bosom into rest:
Guardian angels, O protect her,
When in distant lands I roam!
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home!

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?

Eternity will not efface,
Those records dear of transports past—
Thy image at our last embrace!
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green:
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

MASON.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

The midnight clock has toll'd; and hark, the bell
Of death beats slow! heard ye the note profound?
It pauses now; and now, with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.
Yes * * * is dead. Attend the strain,
Daughters of Albion! ye that, light as air,
So oft have tript in her fantastic train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair:

For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom
(This envy owns, since now her bloom is fled);
Fair as the forms, that, wove in Fancy's loom,
Float in light vision round the poet's head.
Whene'er with soft serenity she smiled,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!
Each look, each motion, waked a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory cast:
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
Chased by a charm still lovelier than the last.
That bell again! it tells us what she is:
On what she was, no more the strain prolong:
Luxuriant fancy, pause: an hour like this
Demands the tribute of a serious song;
Maria claims it from that sable bier,
Where cold and wan the slumberer rests her head;
In still small whispers to reflection's ear,
She breathes the solemn dictates of the dead.
Oh catch the awful notes, and lift them loud;
Proclaim the theme, by sage, by fool revered:
Hear it, ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud!
'T is Nature speaks, and Nature will be heard.
Yes, ye shall hear, and tremble as ye hear,
While, high with health, your hearts exulting leap;
E'en in the midst of Pleasure's mad career,
The mental monitor shall wake and weep.
For say, than * * *'s propitious star,
What brighter planet on your births arose:
Or gave of Fortune's gifts an ampler share,
In life to lavish, or by death to lose?
Early to lose; while, borne on busy wing,

Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom;
Nor fear, while basking in the beams of spring,
The wintry storm that sweeps you to the tomb.
Think of her fate! revere the heavenly hand
That led her hence, though soon, by steps so slow:
Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,
And menaced oft, and oft withheld the blow;
To give reflection time, with lenient art,
Each fond delusion from her soul to steal;
Teach her from folly peaceably to part,
And wean her from a world she loved so well.
Say, are ye sure his mercy shall extend
To you so long a span? Alas, ye sigh:
Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
And learn with equal ease to sleep or die!
Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
Contracts with bigot frown her sullen brow;
Casts round Religion's orb the mists of fear,
Or shades with horrors what with smiles should glow.
No; she would warm you with seraphic fire,
Heirs as ye are of heaven's eternal day;
Would bid you boldly to that heaven aspire,
Not sink and slumber in your cells of clay.
Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
In yon ethereal founts of bliss to lave:
Force then, secure in Faith's protecting shield,
The sting from Death, the victory from the Grave.
Is this the bigot's rant? Away, ye vain,
Your hopes, your fears, in doubt, in dulness, steep;
Go sooth your souls in sickness, grief, or pain,
With the sad solace of eternal sleep.
Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are,
More than those preachers of your favourite creed,

Who proudly swell the brazen throat of war,
Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed;
Nor wish for more: who conquer, but to die.
Hear, Folly, hear, and triumph in the tale:
Like you, they reason; not, like you, enjoy
The breeze of bliss, that fills your silken sail:
On Pleasure's glittering stream ye gaily steer
Your little course to cold oblivion's shore:
They dare the storm, and through th' inclement year,
Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's roar.
Is it for glory? that just Fate denies.
Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,
Ere from her trump the heaven-breath'd accents rise,
That lift the hero from the fighting crowd.
Is it his grasp of empire to extend?
To curb the fury of insulting foes?
Ambition, cease: the idle contest end:
'Tis but a kingdom thou canst win or lose.
And why must murder'd myriads lose their all
(If life be all); why Desolation lour,
With famish'd frown, on this affrighted ball,
That thou mayst flame the meteor of an hour?
Go wiser ye, that flutter life away,
Crown with the mantling juice the goblet high;
Weave the light dance, with festive freedom gay,
And live your moment, since the next ye die.
Yet know, vain sceptics, know, th' Almighty mind,
Who breath'd on man a portion of his fire,
Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confined,
To heaven, to immortality aspire.
Nor shall the pile of hope, his mercy rear'd,
By vain philosophy be e'er destroy'd:
Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd.

COWPER.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE, OUT OF NORFOLK; THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN ANN BODHAM.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Bless'd by the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss:
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah that maternal smile! It answers—Yes.

I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum;

The fragrant waters on my cheek bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may!
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them—would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that shew
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;

So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,'
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain the rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine:
And while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to sooth me left.

TO MARY.

The twentieth year is well nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow,
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more;
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil,
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight,
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently press'd, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two; yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

And still to love, though press'd with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I shew
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED.

TO THE MARCH IN SCIPIO.

Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset!
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

BOADICEA.

AN ODE.

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods;

Sage beneath the spreading oak,
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief:—

Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow:
Rush'd to battle, fought and died;
Dying, hurl'd them at the foe:

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due:
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

VERSES,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK, DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts, that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
O, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! What treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford:
But the sound of the church-going bell,
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial, endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.

My friends—do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

JOSEPH WARTON.

ODE TO FANCY.

O PARENT of each lovely muse,
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,

To offer at thy turf-built shrine
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O nymph with loosely flowing hair,
With buskin'd leg and bosom bare,
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand,
Of power to bid fresh gardens blow
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Through air, and over earth and sea,
While the vast various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes.
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Mid fall of waters, you reside,
'Mid broken rocks, a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between
'Mid forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor e'en one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd,
Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, sweet wanderer, tell
To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top a hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly woven boughs

Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest:
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Rapt in some wild, poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove,
Till, suddenly awaked, I hear
Strange whisper'd music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd
By the sweetly soothing sound!
Me, goddess, by the right hand lead
Sometimes through the yellow mead,
Where Joy and white-robed Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court;
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lily-crowned heads,
Where Laughter rose-lipp'd Hebe leads;
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
Listening to the shepherd's song:
Yet not these flowery fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ;
Haste, Fancy, from the scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh;
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of woe,
To gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast and faded cheek,
Her promised bridegroom's urn to seek;
Or to some abbey's mouldering towers,
Where, to avoid cold wintry showers,

The naked beggar shivering lies,
While whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire,
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat;
The trumpet's clangours pierce my ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear;
Give me another horse, I cry,
Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly;
Whence is this rage? what spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where Tumult and Destruction reign;
Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead;
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And pointing to th' ensanguined field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon shield!
O guide me from this horrid scene,
To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
The favours of the mid-day sun;
The pangs of absence, O remove!
For thou canst place me near my love,
Canst fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss,
While her ruby lips dispense
Luscious nectar's quintessence!

When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose,
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale;
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold;
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.
O warm, enthusiastic maid,
Without thy powerful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to every line,
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
To utter an unhallow'd strain,
Nor dare to touch the sacred string
Save when with smiles thou bidd'st me sing.
O hear our prayer, O hither come
From thy lamented Shakspeare's tomb,
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling's grave;
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain,
Who, fill'd with unexhausted fire,
May boldly smite the sounding lyre,
Who with some new unequall'd song
May rise above the rhyming throng,
O'er all our listening passions reign,
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain,
With terror shake, and pity move,
Rouse with revenge, or melt with love;
O deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottoes talk;

Teach him to scorn with frigid art
Feebly to touch th' enraptured heart;
Like lightning, let his mighty verse
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce;
With native beauties win applause
Beyond cold critics' studied laws;
O let each muse's fame increase.
O bid Britannia rival Greece.

BEATTIE.

A POET'S CHILDHOOD.

THERE lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd swain, a man of low degree;
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie!*
A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;

* There is hardly an ancient ballad or romance, wherein a minstrel or a harper appears, but he is characterised, by way of eminence, to have been 'of the north countrie.' It is probable, that under this appellation were formerly comprehended all the provinces to the north of the Trent.

Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms:
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd;
An honest heart was almost all his stock;
His drink the living water from the rock;
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er they went.

From labour health, from health contentment springs:
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
He envied not, he never thought of, kings;
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy;
Nor fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled;
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smiled,
And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
Each season look'd delightful as it past,
To the fond husband and the faithful wife.
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
They never roam'd; secure beneath the storm
Which in Ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this humble pair:
His birth no oracle or seer foretold;

No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth;
The parent's transport, and the parent's care;
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth;
And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy,
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy:
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad;
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad:
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped,
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head;
Or, when the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap or net, by arrow, or by sling;
These he detested, those he scorn'd to wield:
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,

Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn:
Far to the west the long long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for awhile;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil,
But lo! the Sun appears, and heaven, earth, ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipweck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour, toss'd
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound.

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight:
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene
The southern Sun diffused his dazzling shene.*
E'en sad vicissitude amused his soul:
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

THE POET'S MANHOOD.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild, and mountains more sublime.
One evening, as he framed the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trode;
A vale appear'd below, a deep retired abode.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene;
For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic spell,
Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy green,
Fenced from the north and east this savage dell.
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long long groves eternal murmur made:
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,

* Brightness, splendour. The word is used by some late writers, as well as by Milton.

Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote, survey'd
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold
array'd.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
And, here and there, a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parting fragments tumbling from on high;
And from the summit of that craggy mound,
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing head
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and stream,
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul;
He minded not the Sun's last trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;
When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole:

'Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose!
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes?
Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
O solitude! the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur
springs.

'Vain man! is grandeur given to gay attire?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:
To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid:
To palaces with golden gems inlaid?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm:
To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade?
Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm!
Behold, what deeds of woe the locust can perform!

'True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest blow.'
This strain from 'midst the rocks was heard to flow
In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star;
And from embattled clouds emerging slow
Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew
(While Edwin, wrapt in wonder, listening stood):
'Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
Scorn'd by the wise and hated by the good!
Ye only can engage the servile brood
Of Levity and Lust, who, all their days,
Ashamed of truth and liberty, have woo'd
And hugg'd the chain, that, glittering on their gaze.
Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's empyreal blaze.

'Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's sway,
I sought for glory in the paths of guile:
And fawn'd and smiled, to plunder and betray,
Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while;

So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file;
But now, with pangs of keen remorse, I rue
Those years of trouble and debasement vile.
Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue?
Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever from my view!
'The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
And storms of disappointment, all o'erpast,
Henceforth no earthly hope with Heaven shall share
This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
And if for me no treasure be amass'd,
And if no future age shall hear my name,
I lurk the more secure from fortune's blast,
And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of fame.

'The end and the reward of toil is rest,
Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power, possess'd,
Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease?
Ah! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
All that art, fortune, enterprise, can bring,
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride, the bosom wring!

'Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave.
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

'And thither let the village swain repair;
And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevell'd hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long day
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching woe;
And when mild evening comes in mantle gray,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go;
No ghost, nor spell, my long and last abode shall know.

'For though I fly to 'scape from Fortune's rage,
And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn:
For virtue lost, and ruin'd man, I mourn.
O man! creation's pride, Heaven's darling child,
Whom Nature's best, divinest gifts adorn,
Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled,
And all thy favourite haunts with blood and tears defiled.

'Along yon glittering sky what glory streams!
What majesty attends Night's lovely queen!
Fair laugh our valleys in the vernal beams;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
And all conspire to beautify the scene.
But, in the mental world, what chaos drear,
What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious mien!
O when shall that eternal morn appear,
These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to clear!

'O Thou, at whose creative smile yon heaven,
In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,

Rose from th' abyss; when dark Confusion, driven
Down, down the bottomless profound of night,
Fled, where he ever flies, thy piercing sight!
O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
To blast the fury of oppressive might,
Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's sway,
And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on the way!'

Silence ensued: and Edwin raised his eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.
'And is it thus in courtly life,' he cries,
'That man to man acts a betrayer's part?
And dares he thus the gifts of Heaven pervert,
Each social instinct, and sublime desire?
Hail poverty! if honour, wealth, and art,
If what the great pursue, and learn'd admire,
Thus dissipate and quench the soul's ethereal fire!'

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas thus by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began:
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage though he felt as a man:—

'Ah! why all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?

For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall:
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O sooth him, whose pleasures like thine pass away:
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

'Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd, her crescent displays:
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again.
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew:
Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.
But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn?
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
"O pity, great Father of Light," then I cried,
"Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee;

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free!"

—' And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

THE END.

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